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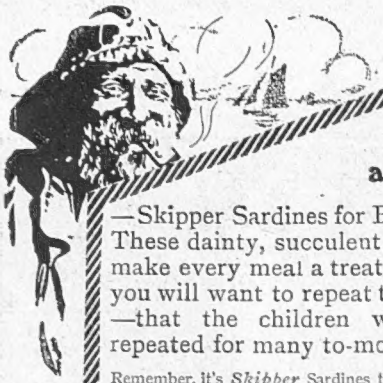

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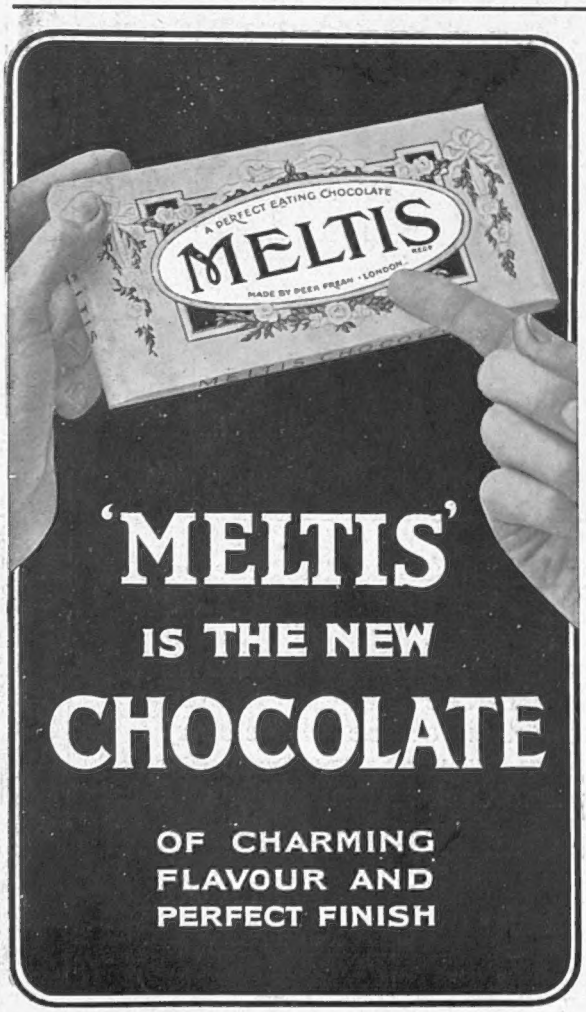

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No. 425.—Vol. XXXIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 24, 1912 [Price 6d. By Post. 6½d.

Photographs *Dover Street Studios*

WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY WOMEN IN FANCY DRESS

Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower and Viscountess Masserene in the costumes they wore at the Fancy Dress Ball given by Lady Desborough last week at Taplow Court

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. THE FOLLIES, Weds., Thurs., Sat. Mats., and Every Evening. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, etc., DURBAR and HUNTING PICTURES, and Selected Varieties. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALBIN.

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CRITERION THEATRE. "MAN AND SUPERMAN." Every Evening at 8.30 sharp. MR. ROBERT LORAINE produces (for a short run only) "MAN AND SUPERMAN." By BERNARD SHAW. Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 8.45. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY in "A MESSAGE FROM MARS." Matinées, Every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 2.45.

WYNDHAM'S. GERALD du MAURIER and Company in "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND." By ALFRED SUTRO. Every Evening at 8.45 precisely. Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. 150th PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, WEDNESDAY.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. THE BEECHAM OPERA CO. presents MISS RUTH VINCENT in "Hansel and Gretel," MARGARET COOPER, G. P. HUNTLEY, HARRY GRATTAN, and Star Co. 6/- to 5s. 7541 Gerrard.

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NEWSPAPER ABSORPTION

FURTHER SPECIAL NOTICE.

"The Bystander" has not absorbed any other paper, nor does it contemplate such absorptions. It gets on without the need of strengthening either by the living or the dead.

It does not glory in the failure of rivals, nor does it envy their self-proclaimed success. It sticks to its policy, its features, and its men, and appeals to the public on its own merits alone, which stand in no need of noisy advertisement.

Office: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"

—Pistol (*mv. ifie!*)

Misreading the Public

WHEN the public begins to take politicians and journalists as seriously as they appear to take themselves, then England may have lively times. At present the public impression of politics is that they are entire "spoof." But a few weeks ago the most widely read of newspapers was devoting columns to the alleged indignation of the country with the Insurance Act. Now, but a few weeks later, its columns do not allude to the monstrous thing. Why? Because the public has suddenly, in the middle of the night, ceased to be indignant over the Act? That seems hardly likely. It must be because the newspaper, once again, misread public opinion. Not that the public is enamoured of the Bill. On the contrary. But its indignation with it is probably not yet fully developed. If our newspapers would perform deeds at the right moment and not squander words at the wrong one! A League of Anti-Stampers could be secretly organised now; its intentions could be advertised a few weeks before we are expected to come to the sticking point. The arch Passive-Resister could be played at his own game.

***

Realities at Last

IT is because The Bystander has a love of political realities that it views with approval the Ulster men's decision to prevent the holding of the Churchill meeting. The complaint that their conduct is unconstitutional is irrelevant in Ulster ears simply because Ulster has already declared herself a political unit within the kingdom, which declines to be ruled by the Dublin Parliament Mr. Churchill goes to Belfast to advocate. If "Ulster Will Fight" is not mere bluster, then who is to blame Ulster if she take the earliest opportunity of demonstrating her purpose? Why cannot we suppose the Ulster Protestants to be as manly and as patriotic as, say, the Greeks or Armenians in Turkey? If either of these races thought the Turks intended to place them under an alien rule, they would declare their intention to resist, and would do so at the earliest possible moment. We should treat their action as quite a normal political phenomenon. Are we in the United Kingdom quite bereft of political manliness? Evidently Ulster is not, and she is likely, therefore, to treat the patronage of the London Unionist Press with the contempt it deserves. By all means let Ulster Fight, and if she *wins*, she will be right.

Bombard Belfast?

IT is as well, however, for Belfast to remember that the precise Minister it has chosen to "prevent" is First Lord of the Admiralty. Suppose he arrive at Belfast in an armoured cruiser, which trains its guns on the City Hall? Suppose his landing is anticipated by Marines? Suppose the whole incident is used—as it quite well may be—as an advertisement of the power of the British Navy? Lord Londonderry seems to have reckoned without his Winston.

***

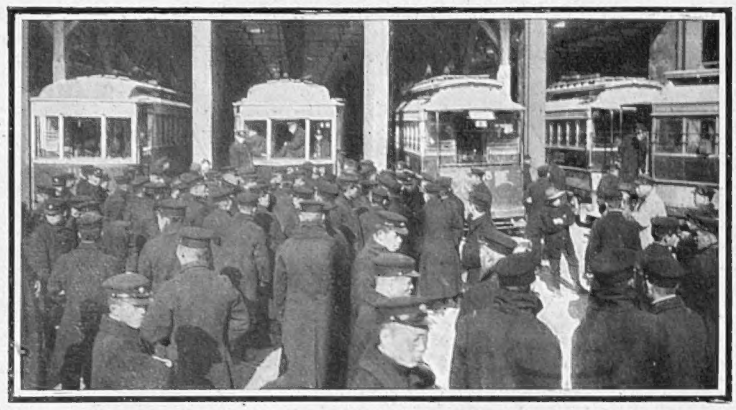
Reminders of the "War"

FOR some months past the reminders that a "war" is in progress between Italy and Turkey have been confined to occasional sinkings of the Turkish fleet, which the public (particularly the Turkish) has received with *sangfroid*. At last comes, however, a real reminder of the actualities

NOT TAKING ANY

Doctor (*remonstrating*): "What's the good of it to me?"
L.G.: "Time will tell sir, time will ——"
Time (*hurriedly, with a right-about turn*): "No, thank you! It's your job, not mine!"

(By Sid Treeby)



THE STRIKE MANIA: JAPAN THE LATEST SUFFERER

The Municipalisation of the Tokio Electric Trams was carried out this summer, and the strike is said to be due to the men's dissatisfaction with the distribution of cash gifts made by the old company on terminating its existence

of war. Contract frauds have been discovered at Naples. It now only needs General Caneva to return home and declare that the "war is over" for the world to realise that bellicose conditions exist in fact and not in imagination.

***

Signs of Spring!

AMONG comforting reminders that winter's wane is in prospect are the arrival at last of springlike conditions. There have been blinding blizzards out of town and icy rainstorms in, with intervals of dense fog. Another is the statement that trouble may be expected in the Balkans. A third is that the German invasion is fixed for Easter. So we must cheer up. Spring is near, if not actually here. Many Englishmen who have lived through the last few weeks are wondering whether islands in which life out of doors is practically insupportable for six out of the twelve months are worth fighting for.

SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE

The German Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, records his vote at the German General Election

***

The Trouble About Schooling

IN another column "JOURNEYMAN" concludes his impressions of Winter Sport, so far as the conditions in Switzerland have enabled him to gain any. His remarks concerning the Public School attitude should arouse smouldering fires. Thanks to Lord Tankerville, the matter has been agitating us here as much as it has agitated our Swiss correspondent. Once again, all the old arguments for and against our educational system have been arrayed before us. The suggestion that, at Eton, a title is lickspittled is obviously based on ignorance. Lordlings are, of course, licked and made to fag, by and for the sons of Trade, and *vice versâ*. But a system whereby compulsory fagging and the power of boys themselves to inflict punishment are stereotyped is altogether against the spirit of the age.

***

Home-Made Mistakes Best

TRUE that a system of degradation that doesn't degrade, which licks cubs, but into the wrong shape, is amusing, if not very useful, but we would rather have the mistakes of our own system than the perfections of that of other nations whose outlook on the world is so entirely different from ours. I once *met* a boy who, from Eton, had been sent to Harvard. . . . He did not reach maturity. I also knew another who went from Heidelberg to Cambridge. He "came down" in a year, and subsequently . . . but the story is a sad one.

***

The Method of our Madness

ABROAD, school aims at fitting one for the struggle of life, here at unfitting one for it. In America, the Public School is a criterion of practical knowledge, here of a lack of it. An English employer nevertheless takes a Public Schoolman in preference to the product of a Polytechnic because, knowing nothing, he is predisposed to learn. So the absurd system works out well enough.

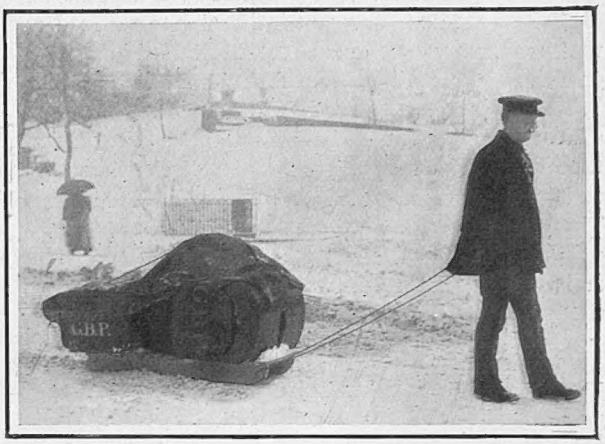
ORGANISERS OF THE "RED" VICTORY

The Central Committee Rooms of the Socialist Party in Berlin. The Socialists have gained an enormous advantage in the German General Election

Why go to Switzerland WHEN YOU CAN GET WINTER "SPORT" HERE?

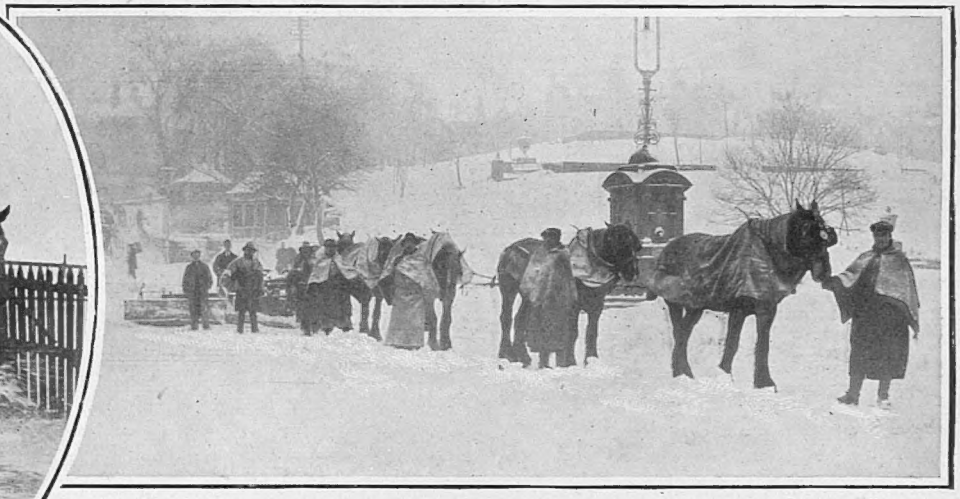
Photographs

DELIVERING PARCELS AT BUXTON BY SLEIGH



Sport and General

RAILWAY PORTER TAKING LUGGAGE TO THE STATION IN A SLEIGH AT BUXTON



Photograph *Sport and General*

BUXTON URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL'S SNOW-PLOUGH CLEARING THE STREETS

Photograph *G.P.U.*

OXFORD'S FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE IFFLEY COURSE

The Oxford crew went out for the first time yesterday for practice on the Iffley course. The photograph shows them getting ready for the start. Above is a picture of R. C. Bourne, the famous stroke, who is coaching the Oxford crew. He was compelled by the floods to do his coaching on horseback

"The Bystander" Dines Out

(By a Special Reporter)

A PURELY domestic event may sometimes be of some interest to the outside world, and we make no apology for intimating to our readers that THE BYSTANDER dined itself both wisely and well on Friday, the 19th, at the Trocadero. About fifty ladies and gentlemen directly and indirectly connected with the paper sat down—the Editor (Mr. Vivian Carter) in the chair, the Chairman of the Directors and founder of THE BYSTANDER (Mr. Carmichael Thomas) the guest of the evening; the entire editorial staff, business managers, contributors, and artists in regular relations, and others concerned in the production of the contents of the paper.

As the first BYSTANDER dinner, the arrangements were, as might be expected, original and unexpected. The menu was Lyons at his best, and the menu card (by Norman Morrow) was allegorical. The various personalities of the paper were satirised in the artist's well-known style. The arranger of the programme drew up a list, on the back, of Dinner Table Topics, with apologies to the *Daily Mirror*, the reading of which distracted attention from (and digestion of) the *plats*. BYSTANDER Cigarettes, in gay profusion, littered the table.

At the back of the Chairman was a cruel improvement on a once famous BYSTANDER poster, "Hardly Worth Buying Any Week." No sooner had the toast of the King been honoured than the Secretary, Mr. Macdonald Hastings, mounted the rostrum and read some Minutes which contained as many subtle insults per sentence as could be crushed in. The company having been duly "roasted" in their personal capacity, the Chairman then proceeded to a series of sarcasms, at the expense of his contributors, which shall not, for fear of libel (if an Editor can libel his own contributors in his own paper), be reproduced here. The health of the founder of THE BYSTANDER, Mr. Carmichael Thomas, to whose initiative the world owes its possession of the "handy-sized" pictorial, was duly proposed and drunk, and happily acknowledged. This done, the contributors dealt with by the Editor rose one by one to abuse him for not having said one word on the topic he had asked them to prepare to discuss, as a result of which they had to tell after-dinner stories instead!

Many talented *artistes* gave of their best. Barclay Gammon was never more at his ease, or better applauded, even in his beloved North of England. Fragson got the welcome of connoisseurs, Robert Ross and Ford Madox Hueffer *agreeing* that they had never enjoyed him better. Frances Kapstowne, Fred Rome, Clifton Barritt, Aubrey Dane, Zoe Gordon, and the Publisher, Mr. McFarlane, were the other enliveners of a lively evening.

It is only necessary to conclude by saying that a spirit of rollicking good-humour made even the Editor and the Business Managers momentarily kin. An artist was seen to clap a critic on the back. "Jingle" actually smiled in the direction (very distant) of Norman Morrow. A camera-portraitist clinked glasses with a mere photographer. The whole company *sang* a suggestion to the effect that the Editor was —— a jolly good fellow (!) and the Editor, for once, accepted the sentiment without suspicion of its motive. The function *formally* dispersed at the hour of midnight, but rumour reaches us at the moment of going to press (10 a.m. Saturday morning) that informally it is still in progress.

To be present at the next annual dinner is likely to be so sought-after a privilege that our pages will be put to a severe test to accommodate those who wish to qualify by contributing. Ha—the telephone! Who is it? Kipling claiming to write next week's storyette? Shaw and Chesterton together after the posts of dramatic and book critic? Winston to be THE BYSTANDER at St. Stephen's? The Gaekwar to write *his* version of the Durbar —— alas, no! Only our private address wishing to know why, and where . . . last night . . . . [FINIS.]

"THE BYSTANDER" STAFF AND CONTRIBUTORS DINE AT THE TROCADERO

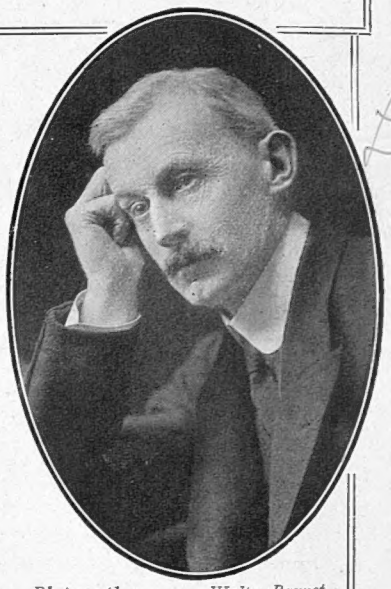
CHAIRMAN'S TABLE *(from left to right)*: Mr. Arnold Golsworthy ("Jingle"), Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, Mr. Carmichael Thomas, (standing) Mr. Macdonald Hastings, Mr. Vivian Carter (Editor), Mr. A. S. Allberry, Mr. A. J. Coxon. Others present were Messrs. W. Martin-Hertz, Ernest Lehmann, Harry S. Scrivener, Leonard Willoughby, Mrs. Bidwell, Ernest F. Sherie, Miss Ellison, Francis Toye, F. G. Aflalo, G. R. Parker, W. Hodgson Burnet, Arthur W. Coaten, F. L. Maitland Davidson, Alex. J. M. Gray, Albert E. Drayson, P. N. McFarlane, Norman W. Fraser, George Sparkes, Mrs. Dorothy Millar, Mrs. Jack May, R. E. Vernède, Ronald T. E. Massey, E. O. Hoppé, Wm. Will, Ralph Straus, Harold H. Smith, C. Abbott Pasquier, W. Fordyce Beardshaw, Philip Baynes, Norman Morrow, E. A. Morrow, Albert Buhrer, Francis F. Cass, Egan Mew, Charles Sykes, Robert Ross, Hector Munro, Archibald Sullivan, and Mrs. Maitland Davidson

A Little Reality in Party Politics

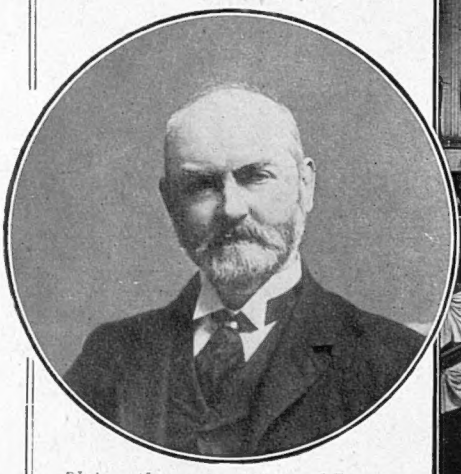
ACTUALLY THREATENED BY THE IRISH UNIONIST GROUP

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*
LORD LONDONDERRY

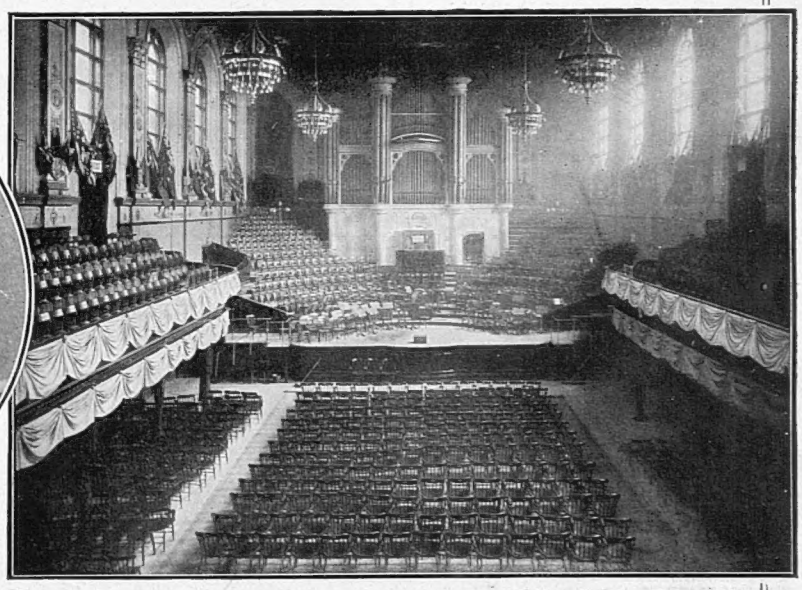
ON this page are to be found portraits of six members of the Standing Committee of the Ulster Unionist Council, determined at all costs to stop the Home Rule meeting at Belfast, at which Mr. Churchill and Mr. Redmond are to speak. The date of the meeting is February 8. We await with interest the consummation of the Carsonites' angry threats. We are tired enough of words in party politics. A little action would be extremely refreshing. Certain it is that the Orange party in Ireland must for ever hide its head if after all this talk the Home Rulers hold this meeting triumphantly in Belfast.



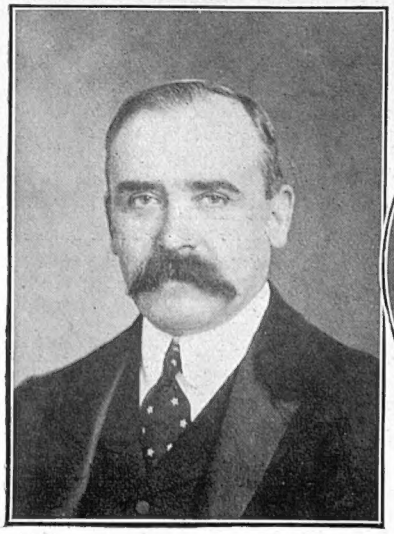
Photograph *Walter Barnet*
LORD DUNLEATH



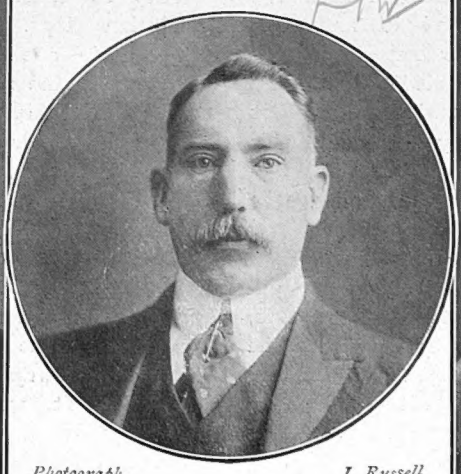
Photograph *Elliott and Fry*
THE RT. HON. THOS. SINCLAIR



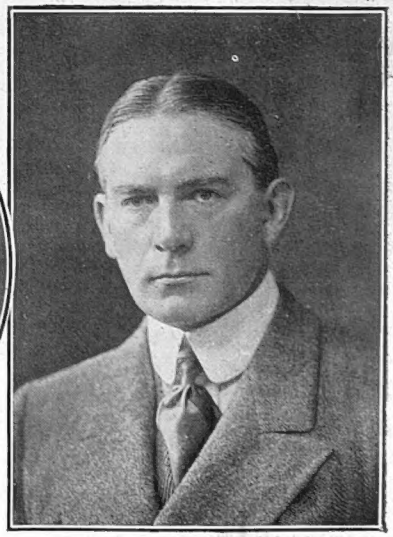
Photograph *Belfast Evening Telegraph*
THE ULSTER HALL, BELFAST
Where the Orangemen say Mr. Churchill shall NOT speak on February 8



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*
MR. HUGH BARRIE, M.P.



Photograph *J. Russell*
CAPTAIN CRAIG, M.P.



Photograph *Lafayette, Dublin*
MR. C. C. CRAIG, M.P.

Aux Lorgnettes

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

An Athletic Admirable Crichton

EVERYONE who knows Boulter's Lock on a Sunday morning—and who does not?—knows also Lord Desborough, whose masquerade at Taplow Court was one of the very few social events of the week. For the first Baron, as Chairman of the Thames Conservancy, takes with becoming seriousness his duties, and his tall, broad figure, loosely garbed, and weather-hardened face, surmounted by the famous pink ribbon, may almost invariably be seen on the bridge on crowded Sundays taking in with critical eye the squash and the up-stream efforts thereof. It is, of course, as a sportsman—a veritable athletic Admirable Crichton—that Lord Desborough's name is writ upon the roll of fame, and what he has *not* done in the sporting line it would take less space to tell in than what he *has*. In his spare moments to-day the Squire of Taplow (a model village of the most model) is author, politician, bimetallist, Tariff Reformer; also a fencer of renown, a keen follower of hounds, an inveterate fisherman, and, above all, a host, the house-parties at Taplow being of that delectable kind in which all the forces—art, politics, Society, literature, diplomacy, commerce — mix and mingle with most pleasing result.

LORD DESBOROUGH

As Sir Richard Grenville at the Taplow Court Masquerade

VISCOUNT WENDOVER

In the costume he wore at the Taplow Court Masquerade

A Future Parti

Included in the largely boy-and-girl and very cheery house-party that assembled at Taplow Court last week for Lady Desborough's masquerade was Viscount Wendover, the seventeen-year-old son and heir of the Lord Privy Seal and ex-Minister for Agriculture, Lord Carrington. The Carrington country house is at High Wycombe, a very short distance from Taplow, and Lord Wendover is at Eton with Lord Desborough's sons, and, like them, keen on cricket, which he has several times played in elevens captained by the Vicar of High Wycombe, and including the Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince Albert. Lord Wendover will probably follow his father, whose nice manners and general popularity he inherits, into the Horse Guards, and with many acres, a castle in Wales, an estate in Bucks, and a house in Mayfair, he, of course, also inherits his father's office of Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England.

A Duke's Daughter

A Royalty-sponsored young lady is Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, who also masqueraded at Taplow Court last week. She is the eldest child and only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and, like them, devoted to country pursuits, which may, of course, be enjoyed *de luxe* at Welbeck Abbey. In height and build Lady Victoria Bentinck resembles her tall, thin, wonderfully young-looking mother, the Duchess, who used romantically to give all her husband's racing profits to charity in Victorian days. She came of age last year amidst the rejoicing and enthusiasm of her father's tenantry, who, by the way, take an old-fashioned interest in their "family's" welfare, and at the Christmas party, when the Duke dances with the housekeeper and the Duchess with the major-domo, always turn up in force to see the quality unbend. It was rumoured last week that the announcement of her engagement to a young man well known in the great world would shortly be made.

LADY VICTORIA BENTINCK

Photos Dover Street Studios

As a Red Indian Chieftainess at the Taplow Court Masquerade

A New Maid-of-Honour

AN interesting feature about the recent appointment of Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox to be Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra is that she is the first member of the Gordon-Lennox family to hold a post about the Court. Miss Gordon-Lennox, who takes her name from the badge of the Gordons, which is a spray of ivy, is twenty-five, flaxen-haired and pretty, but petite, unlike her tall aunts, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Angela Forbes. She is a keen yachtswoman and golfer, and of late has taken up with avidity the fashionable craze for roller-skating on Sunday afternoons

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE HON. IVY GORDON-LENNOX, ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX

The Wedding of the Week

Next to *Oedipus Rex* the wedding of Miss Sybil Brodrick, late Maid-of-Honour to the Queen, and Mr. Ronald Graham at St. Margaret's was certainly the social event *par excellence* of last week. Miss Sybil Brodrick is one of the four daughters of Lord Midleton by his first marriage with Lady Hilda Charteris, and it was not very long ago that her father presented her with a small step-brother, the child of his second wife, Lady St. Helier's daughter. Though the Indian shawl and the £1,000 dowry are no longer forthcoming from Court as every Maid-of-Honour's marriage portion, Mrs. Graham received some magnificent gifts from Royalty, both the King and Queen giving her brooches of diamonds and rubies, while a silver inkstand and a dessert service of old china came from the Duke of Connaught and Princess Christian respectively, an enamelled watch from the Duchess of Connaught, and gold candlesticks from Princess Victoria Patricia. After the honeymoon, which is being spent at Buckhurst, Mrs. Robert Benson's place, Mr. and Mrs. Graham will go to Egypt, where Mr. Graham, a son of Sir Henry Graham, Clerk of the Parliaments, is adviser to the Minister of the Interior.

THE HON. MRS. RONALD GRAHAM

Photograph *Rita Martin*

(Née Miss Sybil Brodrick) whose marriage to Mr. Ronald Graham took place last week

A Lady Judge

The Lady Evelyn Cotterell, who played judge of the Pekinese with her uncle, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, at the Horticultural Hall last week, is the Duke of Richmond's elder daughter by his first marriage with a member of the Ricardo family, and her sister is Lady Violet Brassey. She married sixteen years ago Sir John Cotterell, a Herefordshire landowner and a former Captain in the Life Guards. Sir John is the fourth baronet, the dignity having been conferred on Colonel Cotterell of Garnons a century ago in virtue of his services as M.P. for Herefordshire for nearly thirty years. Lady Evelyn, who presides charmingly over a house in Mayfair as well as in the country, is the mother of a son and heir and three daughters.

LADY EVELYN COTTERELL AND LORD ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX

Photograph *L. N. A.*

Judges at the Pekin Palace Dog Show last week

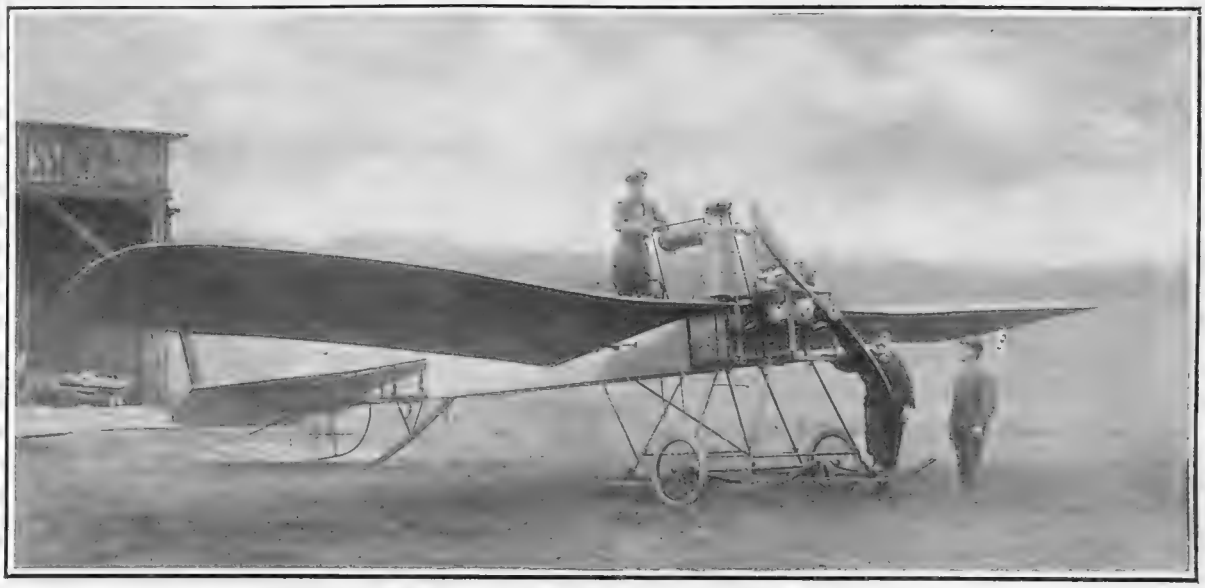
A Thirteenth-Century Home

Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox live at Broughton Castle, the seat of Lord Saye and Sele, and one of the most interesting and most beautiful houses in England. Like her sister, Lady Warwick, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox includes horticulture and philanthropy among her several hobbies. The gardens at Broughton are exquisite, and it is since the tenancy of "Lord and Lady Algy" that Broughton Castle has been restored to its original beauty within. Here nothing modern is allowed to pollute the thirteenth-century flavour of things, and such additions as the oak dado in the great hall, which is a replica of that in the wonderful old flagged and oak-bound dining-room, have all been made under the personal supervision of Lady Algernon by the carpentering class she maintains in the neighbouring village.

President of the Pekinese

Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, second son of the sixth Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and brother of the present Duke, started life as a sailor. After a short time he changed over to the Army, and, entering the Grenadiers, was for twelve years A.D.C. to the Duke of Cambridge, saw fighting in Egypt, and also in South Africa, where he was one of Lord Milner's secretaries and served on Sir John French's staff. To-day he is chiefly known to fame as a dog-fancier, and is President of the Pekin Palace Dog Association, at whose show in Vincent Square last week he and his niece, Lady Evelyn Cotterell, were acting as judges. By the way, it is a point on the side of the hereditary principle, is it not, the devotion of the Gordon-Lennoxes to dogs, especially those of the more expensive or "lap" variety? For was not his love for little dogs one of the (many) ruling passions of their illustrious founder and ancestor, his most gracious and Catholic Majesty King Charles II.?

PICTORIALITIES



A PRUSSIAN PRINCE ON AN AEROPLANE DESIGNED BY HIMSELF

This snapshot of Prince Friedrich-Siegismund was taken at Potsdam last Friday week. His Royal Highness has succeeded in making flights with this machine of his own construction

PUTTING THEIR TRUNKS TO THE PLOUGH

HONESTLY EARNING THEIR HUMPS

What is probably the queerest farm in the country is Burstow Lodge Farm, situated in one of the unfrequented parts of Surrey, near Horley. Here the winter quarters of "Lord" John Sanger have been established, and any day one may see elephants and camels harnessed to the plough and doing the work of a team of horses

CROSSING THE MOSELLE BY FERRY AT TREIS, NEAR COBLENCE

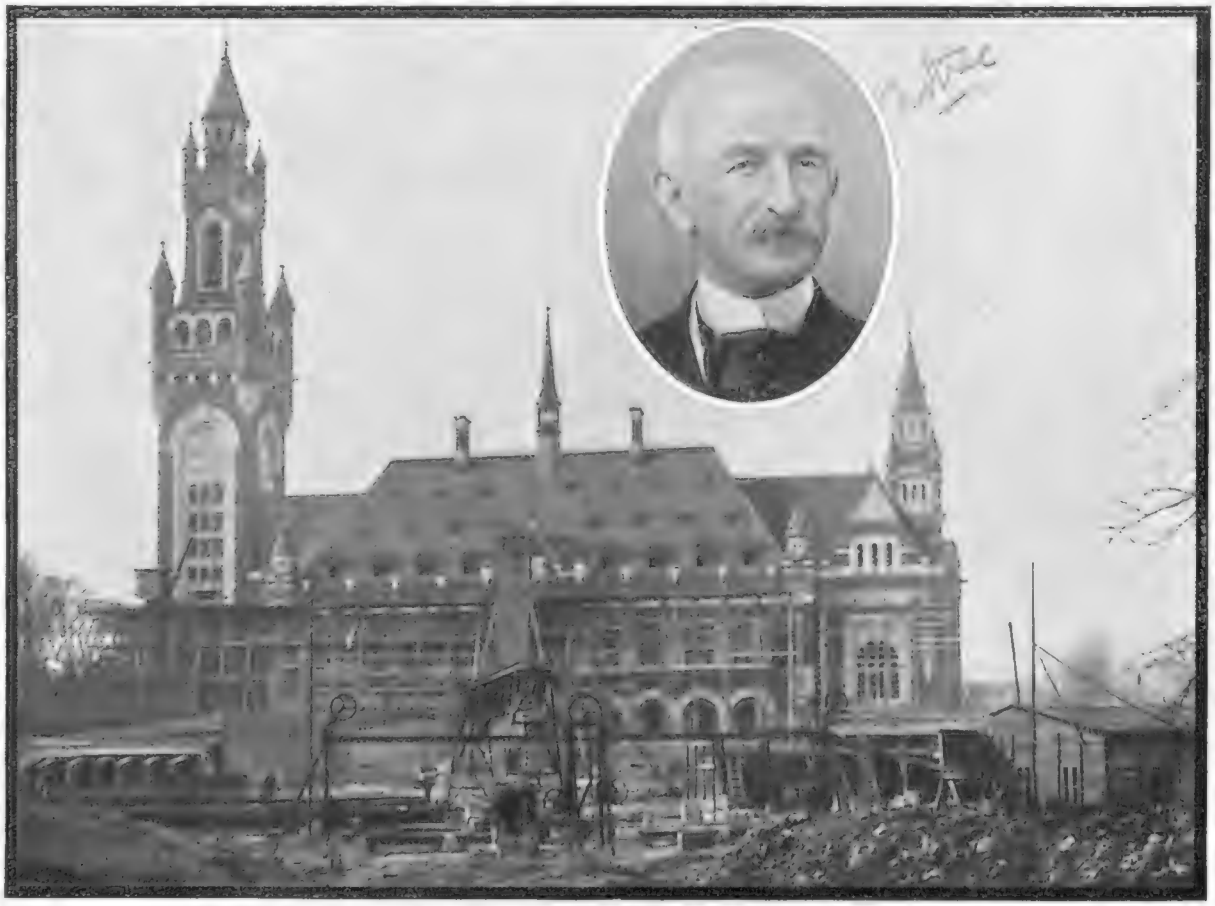
Germany is an increasingly popular field for the touring motorist, the beautiful country attracting many of the leisured thousands

A Memory of War AND A Palace of Peace

THE FUNERAL OF A GREAT AMERICAN ADMIRAL

President Taft leaving the All Souls' Unitarian Church at Washington, D.C., after the services over the remains of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans. Admiral Evans, nicknamed "Fighting Bob," was a figure in the Spanish-American War of 1898

General view of the funeral cortège passing up Pennsylvania Avenue. The casket containing the remains of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans was placed on a gun-carriage and taken to Arlington cemetery, where the interment took place



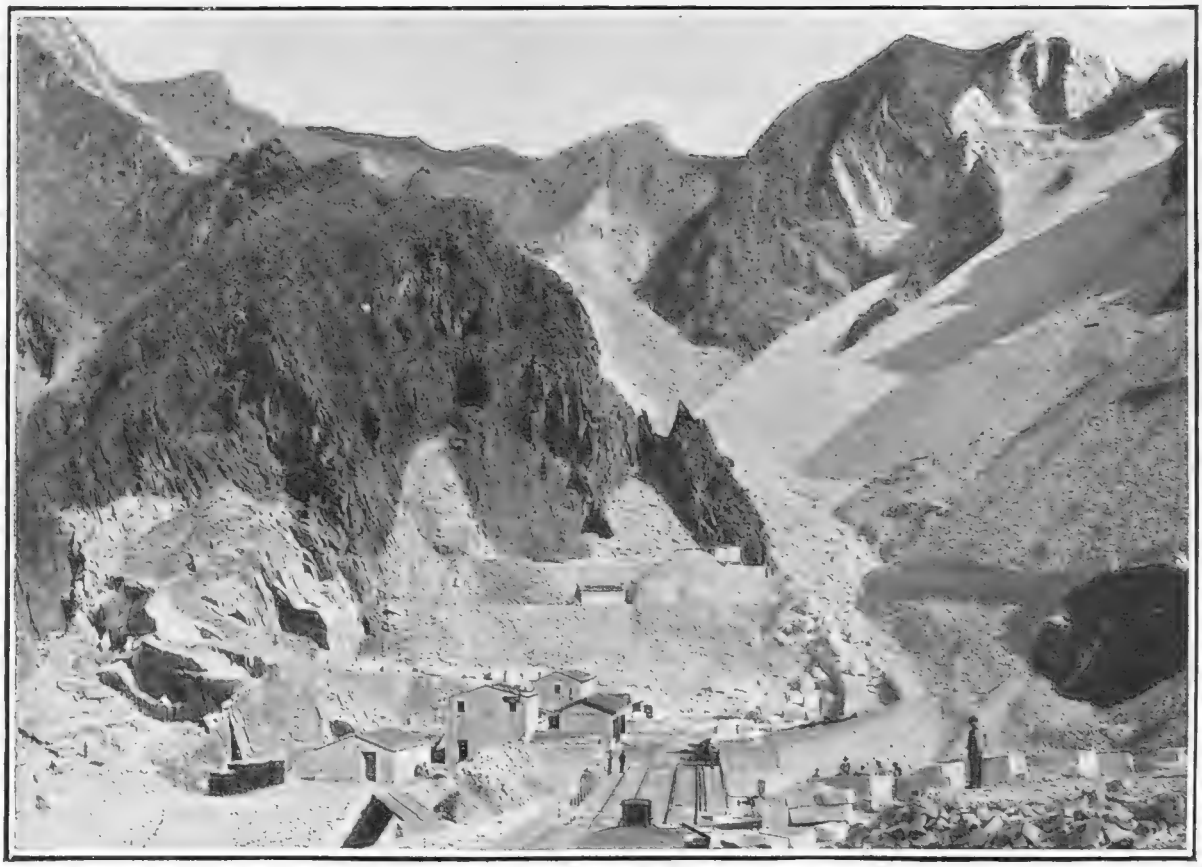
PEACE NEARING ATTAINMENT (OR RATHER THE PALACE OF PEACE)

This building, at the Hague, is largely modelled on the prize drawing of Mr. R. M. Cordonnier, of Ryssel, who gained first place in the International Competition for a suitable design. The first brick was laid by the late M. Nelidoff, then Russian Ambassador at the Hague, early in August, 1907. The palace will be officially opened next year. Inset is a picture of Mr. T. M. C. Asser, head of the International Peace Movement in Holland

Carrara—The City of Marble

A PANORAMA OF CARRARA

Lying in a valley of the Apennines the little city of Carrara is world-famous for its marble quarries. It is surrounded by the marble hills, in which are some four hundred quarries, but very few of these furnish the marble for statuary. In itself the town is not of much account, although it contains a small Cathedral Church and a good many houses dating back to the thirteenth century



IN THE MARBLE QUARRIES OF CARRARA

A view of Ravaccione Railway Station in the heart of the workings. The picture also shows the "Canal Bianco" (white cutting)

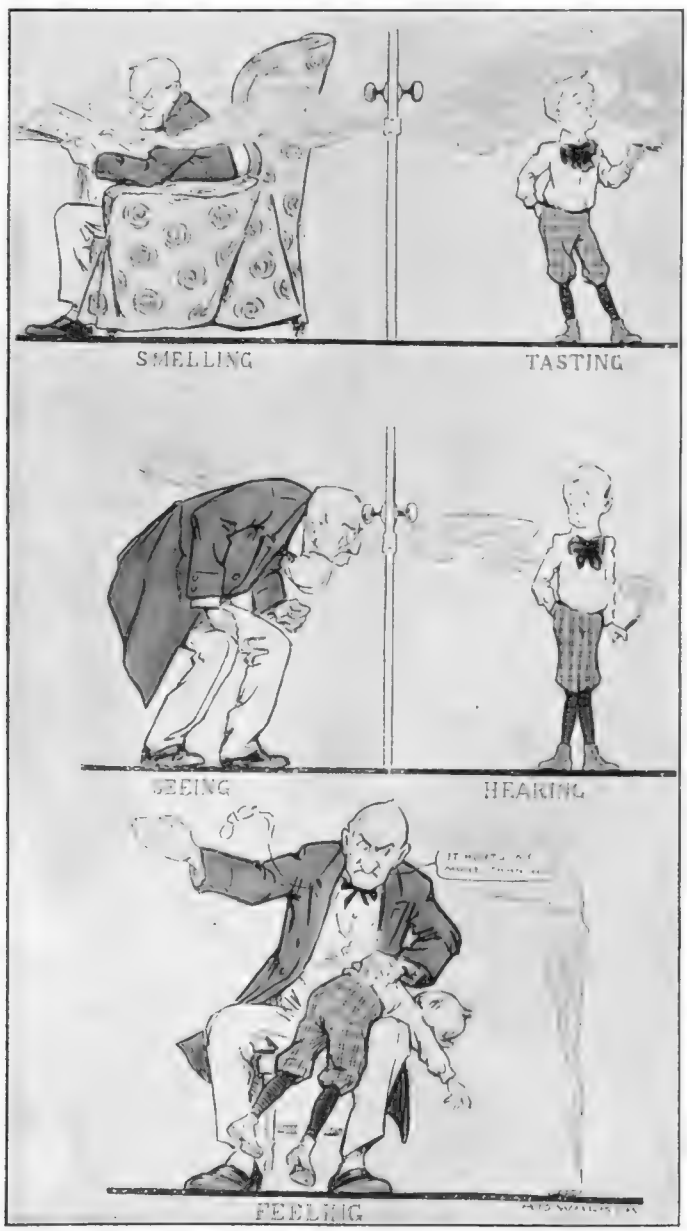
THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT is stated that the Government are seeking "a way round" the Woman Suffrage difficulty by restricting their franchise legislation for the coming Session to a Plural Voting Bill. Mr. Asquith's idea, no doubt, is that, when women see how little men mind losing a few extra votes, they will cease to hanker after such trifles for themselves.

* * *

We were never sure what "epoch-making" meant until we saw the word applied by Mr. Alfred Butt to Sir Herbert Tree's first appearance at a music-hall. Then we knew it meant making about £1,000 a week.



THE FIVE SENSES
(By A. B. Walker)

Max and Moritz, the new Hippodrome apes, are said to be able "to dress and undress themselves, to play whist and bagatelle, to work a typewriter, and to understand simple phrases in four languages." It sounds as though they were German spies, and it is to be hoped the police have their eye on them.

* * *

A scheme is on foot to form a "National Association of Cyclist Defenders," and it seems a capital idea. Our own instinct, when we see a large collection of cyclists, is always to fly from them, especially if they wear medals in their caps, and we do not see why they should not affect any enemy invading the country in precisely the same way.

* * *

"Divergences of opinion are reported to exist among the members of the Royal Commission on Divorce, and majority and minority reports are probable"—says a contemporary. For our part, we very much regret this washing of dirty linen in public, and think a Separation Order would meet the case.

* * *

To obtain the proper "atmosphere" for a sketch entitled "Wellington," the manager of the Oxford Music Hall has paid a visit to the field of Waterloo. What a pity it is that the Iron Duke could not have anticipated things a bit? He could have staged his army so much more conveniently, if he had only known the purpose it was going to serve.

* * *

"In Paris, dangerous thoroughfares are to be marked at intervals in zones of bright colour, and along these zones vehicles are to proceed at a walking pace, so that persons crossing need have no fear of being run over." Hitherto, of course, Parisian thoroughfares have only been marked at intervals in zones of the natural bright colour of the people who are run over.

* * *

Everybody wishes the new scheme success, as the desire to cross a street at intervals is a natural and harmless one, even in Paris. But Paris drivers are never very good at seeing things quickly—not even a policeman with a white wand—and it is doubtful if anything but machine-guns will ever really remind them that foot-passengers crossing the road are not a part of the road which it is particularly enjoyable to drive over.

* * *

We live in a progressive age, and it is no surprise to learn that Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," has been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain as an opera. Presently, no

ANOTHER YOUNG MAN WHO HAS GIVEN UP MOTORING AND TAKEN TO AVIATION

BY A. B. WALKER

doubt, we shall be informed that *Peggy* is to be produced in one of our brighter cathedrals as an oratorio.

* * *

With regard to the revised marriage service, in which the word "obey" is omitted, the feeling among men generally is that the sooner it is legalised the better. A man always cuts a pretty poor figure at this ceremony, and that every bride should be authorised to indulge in this heartless sarcasm (when reply is out of the question) has always struck thinking men as a particularly unfair thing.

* * *

Humanitarians will be interested to hear that, during a fire at the Oxford University Museum, a quantity of live bacteria in bottles were rescued by the fire brigade and removed to a place of safety. It is to be feared that in some of our metropolitan fires, especially in the East End, our firemen are not so careful, though there is the excuse, perhaps, that the little creatures are not always so easy to lay hands on—not being in bottles.

* * *

From the *Daily Telegraph*:

"BRIGHTON.—There was no bright sunshine during the week-end. . . . Sympathetic pulpit references were made to the death of the Rev. S. B. Lane. . .

"ABERYSTWYTH.—Yesterday the sky was overcast. . . . The assizes . . . will be held to-morrow."

Merely out of curiosity — why does our contemporary head a column of this sort "Health and Sunshine"?

* * *

"A low thermometer"—declared a distinguished Canadian the other day—"is Canada's greatest asset, because it keeps the black man out." Our own high temperature, of course, causes us to be flooded with negroes; but, on the other hand, we go in no fear of invasion from the Eskimos.

* * *

Describing a new frock, a *Daily Chronicle* correspondent declares that, owing to its cut, "the prettiest part of a woman's arm is left free, and held in place on the shoulder by a diamond clasp." Evidently this frock is only for the smartest women. Ordinary women would not care to have their arms held in place on their shoulders by a clasp, even if it were a diamond one.

* * *

"Anyone born in January," says the same writer, "should always wear moonstones." Otherwise, no doubt, strangers might make the absurd mistake of supposing that one's birthday was in February or March or some other month.

* * *

According to a lecturer on the Chinese drama, the lot of the actor-manager in China is not a happy one, as "the actors are rogues and vagabonds of the worst description." But what, after all, does that matter, if the man who works the limelight is loyal?

A Season's Débutante.

ALL the welcome picturesqueness of her father, Lord Ribblesdale, is inherited by his daughter, the Hon. Diana Lister, one of the débutantes of 1912, and a sister of the Lady Lovat whose Highland wedding at the Oratory was the social sensation of the autumn of 1910. Miss Lister, too, boasts brains among her portion, some of which come doubtless from the "spindle side," the late Lady Ribblesdale having been one of the many children of the late Sir Charles Tennant and a sister of Mrs. Asquith and Lord Glenconner. The daughters of Lord Ribblesdale go to Court and to their weddings in the old state family coach, with postillions in their father's racing colours

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE HON. DIANA LISTER, DAUGHTER OF LORD RIBBLESDALE AND SISTER OF LADY LOVAT

WINTER SPORT—What About It?

By "JOURNEYMAN"

HUMOUR OUT OF PLACE—WHAT THE SWISS THINK—A CHANCE FOR THE PRESIDENT—THE PUBLIC SCHOOL ATTITUDE—A FEW HINTS

Grand Hôtel des Alpes, Mürren:

TO be at such a place as this without a sporting motive of some kind is to be absurd, no matter how unsporting one's appearance or character. Take, for instance, the following, overheard between a youth and an elderly lady with the figure of a barrel:

YOUTH: "And do you skate or—er—ski, or what?"

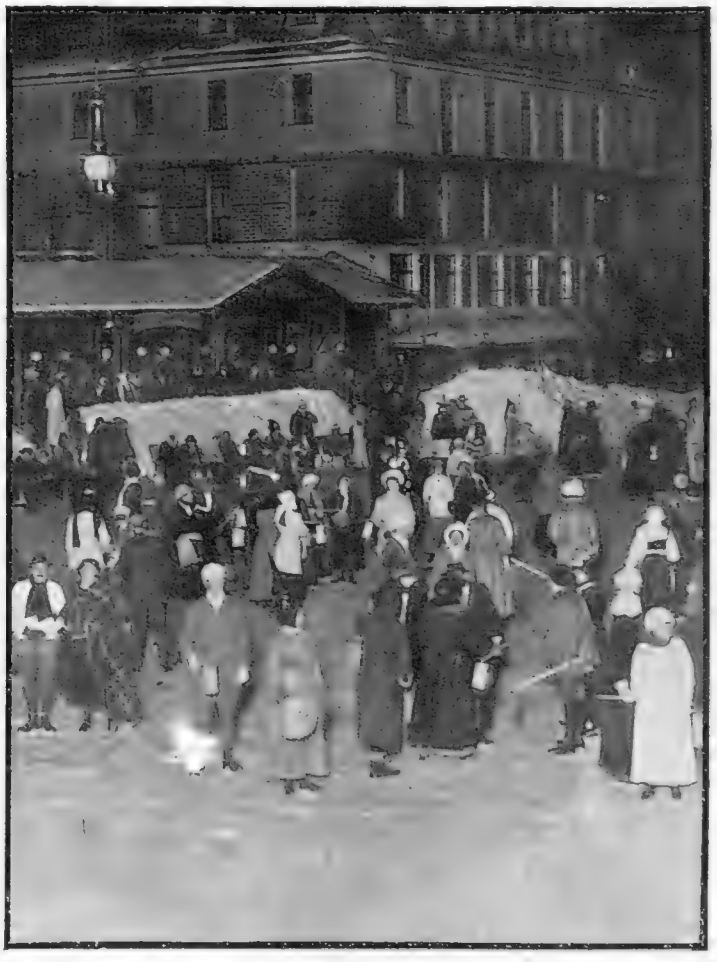
BARREL-SHAPED LADY (*gruffly*): "I toboggan."

And she did, too. That is the point about it. People do—the most impossible people, the most impossible things, and nobody is in the least surprised. It is not good form, in Winter Sportland, to have any sense of the incongruous. One may laugh at humours—in papers from home—but not at those on the spot. One is expected to take everything everybody does for granted, provided they do it.

The only people who seem to have any sense of our incongruity are the natives. I caused screams of derisive laughter when, hearing there was no snow at the place I was first going to, I cleared my baggage out of the funicular going there and bundled, without booking my ticket, into that going to the place where I now am. The quick-change mind is evidently as unknown to the Swiss as the quick-change body. To them we winter sportsmen are mad—profitably mad, but nevertheless mad. I hear that the high mountains in winter were, until we discovered them, looked on literally as suitable only for lunatics, and that the shepherds were selected largely by qualification of imbecility.

I won't go into the history of winter sport all over again. Everybody knows that the first winter sportsmen were the weak-lunged, and that in the beginning there were Davos and St. Moritz, but not that most of the other places are exploitations of quite recent years, particularly of the last two or three. As for ski, they are foreign imports to the Alps. Formerly the world slept in ignorance of the simple and now obvious fact that above a certain altitude and in certain normal atmospheric conditions, Winter is but Summer improved. I doubt if the fact is even now understood by more than a very small proportion of Englishmen, and am quite prepared to be scoffed at when I report that on this blankth day of January, I, JOURNEYMAN, did actually sit in the snow and get my face bronzed in the sun as a rest from a scorching climb up a mountain of deep snow. When England does realise it, the move off the island, across France, and up these slopes, should partake of the character of a national *trek*. But what is Switzerland doing to make the fullest use of the glorious and by no means new thing that Nature has placed in her way?

So far as I can judge, the average Swiss at present rather despises us. He regards us, in winter, as matter out of place. His railway officials seem unprepared for us, also his hotels, and shops, and buffets. I have no more idea than the average Swiss who is the present Swiss President, but he has it in his power to elevate himself into the position of quite a respectable



A Skating Carnival by Night at Mürren

modern god if he will only make his country realise its future if it likes to adapt itself to the winter as it does to the summer traffic. Many changes will need to be made in the train services so that one can get from one place (say from Lausanne by Oberland Railway to Interlaken) without three changes. Another useful thing would be if the Swiss could form little committees of station officials, whereby first the truth about the times of trains could be ascertained, and, that done, some concerted agreement come to as to the telling of it by the same people to the same anxious inquirers. At present, no two Swiss even tell you the same lie. I never mind being deceived in a foreign country—I expect, even like it—but I like to know that I am being deceived, not to be misled by a multitude of lies into believing that one or other of them may be the truth.

Now, I have one little word to say as to the club system. The present practice is for the Public Schools Alpine Club to take certain hotels for the use of its members, and for the said club more or less to control the programme of sports, outdoors and in. Nobody has a greater regard than I for the classes from which this club draws its membership, but it must not be too rigid in its exclusiveness. In England one expects such reservations, but one does not like to see them carried into foreign countries. After all, Switzerland *is* a foreign country, and men and women wintering there expect to encounter cosmopolitan conditions, and to take cosmopolitan chances as to the people they may or may not meet.

The Public School and 'Varsity distinction is excellent theoretically. It should be a first-rate basis on which to organise a winter-sports programme. But do we want a rigid and theoretical making of distinctions when we go abroad? Ought we not to be made to take the rough with the smooth of humanity as we take it of Nature? What if "some of the people who come here" *are* "too shocking for words"? They amuse us, do they not? Which is more than Mr. Swanker of Pothouse does, no matter how intoxicated he gets in the American bar, or how brilliantly he monopolises the centre of the rink.

Swiss winter evenings are long—like nights on shipboard—and one needs a wide latitude as to the making of acquaintances, and a little less of the conventional "who the devil are you" stare which is the perquisite of some of the Public Schools. Again, I say, one likes Public Schoolboys, but that they are of that class is as often as not the result of their parents' success at the pursuit of shekel-grinding "down below," at which they would never have been so successful had they been brought up in the exclusive atmosphere that is thought so good for their sons. One presumes these youngsters are intended to do something in the world after they leave school, and the people likely to be of most benefit to them are not always those of their own immediate class. On the contrary, a chat with a German or an American, or even an Englishman of affairs not reared at a Public School, will do them no harm whatever.

When one sent a boy abroad in the old days it was with the idea of letting him see something of other peoples and other manners. It was a good custom, and one well worth preserving. He sees enough of the national idiosyncrasies of his own class in term time, and in vacation may well be given a rest from them.

It is true that, to show acquaintance with the tongue of the barbarian, an English boy is sometimes heard, before tobogganing into you, to exclaim, "*Achtung.*" Also I heard another, at *déjeuner*, call for "*Ein café noir*, please." This is good—as far as it goes. But it must be carried even further still. JOURNEYMAN

The New Narcissus

Interesting study of skater reflecting himself on the ice. The skater in question is Mr. Dermot Mooney, photographed on Lake Sils, a well-known and popular figure on the various Swiss rinks, and a first-rate exponent of the English style of skating. He is now at Mürren

Irrepressible—but Irreplaceable?

THE LOSS TO POLITICS AND JOURNALISM OF MR. LABOUCHERE—THE SPIRIT OF "TRUTH"

"LABBY" has gone—who succeeds him? True, he had long since left Parliament; also that *Truth* has not been actively controlled by him for some years.

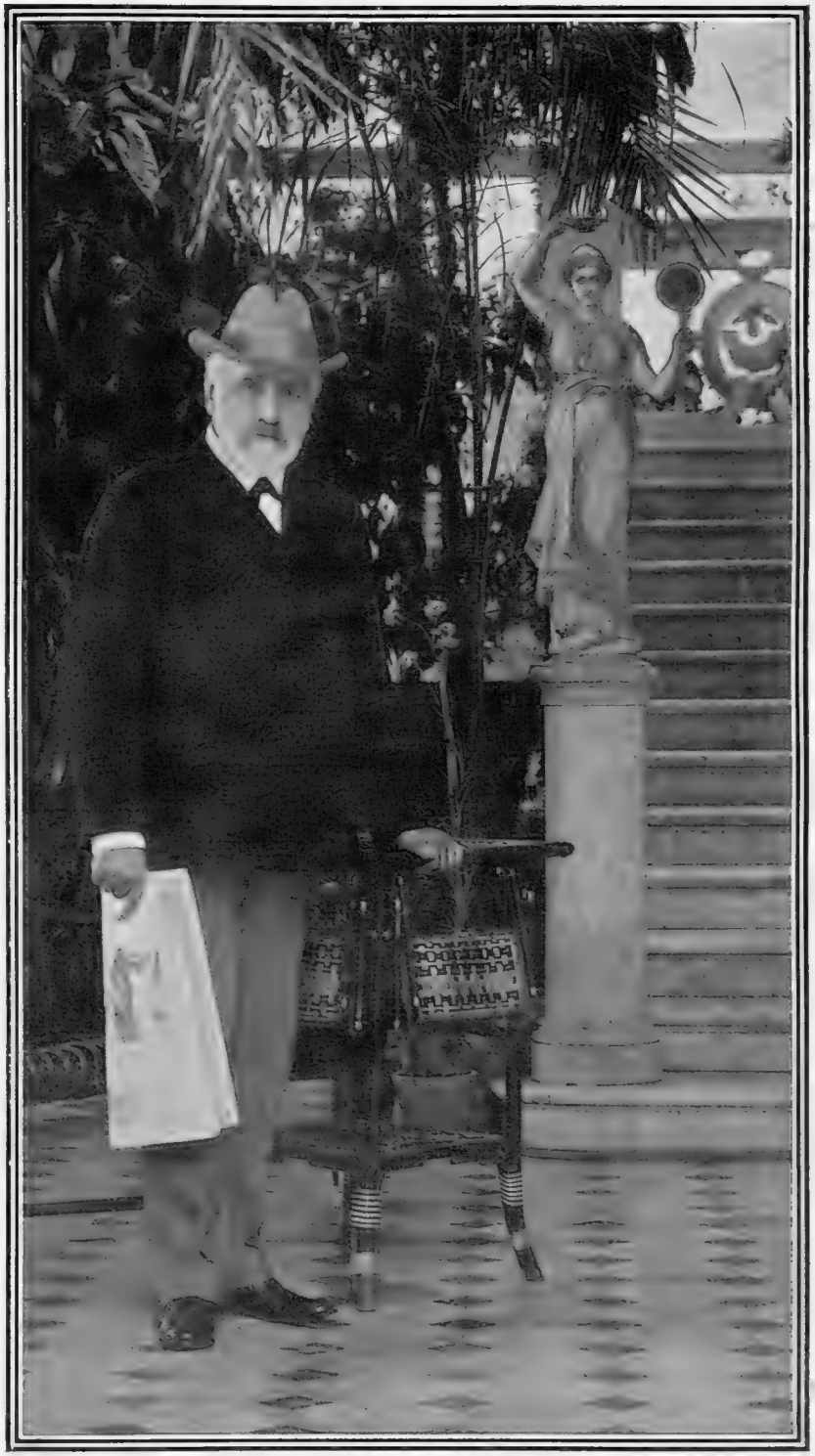
Nevertheless, behind his paper there was always the "Labby" spirit. Radical as of yore, it still talked his humorous heterodoxy.

* * *

While wishing all success to *Truth* under its present control, we cannot but ask who, in the journalism of to-day, personifies the "Labby" tradition? The old Radical has gone—and has taken his philosophy with him. In its place we have, on both sides, mere economics. Both parties hurl bunches of statistics at each other, and are principally concerned with wages, hours of labour, drainage, and other subjects which Cantabs would call "stinks." In journalism there is little left of the spirit of social rebellion. Mr. Belloc foams against the Party system. Mr. Bottomley threatens us with the drab indignity of the Business Government. Mr. St. Loe Strachey stands for Respectability at all costs. Mr. T. P. O'Connor still manages to make Tay Pay. One or two still small voices, in still small papers, deride snobbery and corruption. But these the rest of the Press classifies as "cranks." There is no great independent journal, with an assured circulation, which stands, as did *Truth* under Labouchere, for the individual against Society.

* * *

Far be it from THE BYSTANDER to pose as any kind of substitute for Labouchere. But we feel a little of the "Labby" blood in our veins. We, too, feel inclined to ask the Important Personage to "take two chairs." We, too, feel like walking across Europe when inadequately paid to ride. We, too, like to talk of titled people as men and women, not as gods. We, too, though not Radicals, have a rather overwhelming thirst for freedom. We, too, "not infrequently smoke a cigarette." This may sound boastful, but there it is! Good luck to *Truth*. But there's no monopoly in a mantle save for the wearer. V. C.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. HENRY LABOUCHERE IN HIS VILLA AT FLORENCE

"The Bystander" has given symbolical completeness to the picture by substituting for the statuette on the right the figure of Truth

PARIS SHOWS

Photograph *Bert*

MLLE. GACHEWSKA

Of the Russian Ballet recently appearing in Paris. She was at Covent Garden for the autumn season, and reappeared at the Alhambra on January 22

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

"WHAT I want to know is," said the man who takes the L.C.C. tram home at nights, "what I want to know is why you fellows here in Paris (he called it "Pa-aris" because Huddersfield had given him birth) don't give us a few more of the details of French politics in your telegrams? Here you are in Paris, with a new Cabinet, and none of the newspapers in London have told us whether the new Ministers are Liberals or Conservatives." I smiled, and said nothing. I know exactly the way to irritate my friend from Huddersfield. And I dislike being told how to do my work. "I suppose," he said, a little crossly, "that you yourself know the politics of the new French Ministers, eh, lad?" And I set to work and told him what they were. "It's this way," I said. "There are twelve Ministers and four Under-Secretaries of State with the rank of Privy Councillor in the Cabinet. Twelve of the sixteen are members of the Chamber, and four of them are members of the Senate." "Ah know thaat, laad," he said. "Yes," I replied, "I know you do. I know you know all about it all, really, but I want to make it perfectly clear, and to explain it fully. I know you pride yourself on your knowledge of foreign politics, and I want to make you understand to what political parties the new Cabinet belong."

A French journalist sitting opposite who understood English leaned over and whispered. "Has he a strong heart, Mr. your friend?" he inquired. I nodded. I felt absolutely pitiless. And then I plunged into the middle of things. "The President of the Council and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of Public Works are members of the Republican Union of the Senate." "Ah, all three of them?" "No," I explained, "that's only two. The Premier is Minister for Foreign Affairs as well. The Minister of Labour and the Minister of Agriculture belong to the democratic left of the Senate." "Socialists?" "Oh, dear no. Advanced democrats, and, of course, the democrats on the left in the Senate are, as you know, considerably less advanced than the members of the democratic left in the Chamber. These, as you understand, are Republicans of the left, and must not be confused with members of the Republican Union, who are more sympathetic to the Radical left. I hope you take me?" "Just about," said the man as he called for more beer.

"Now, the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Public Instruction, and the Under-Secretary of State of the Financial Department belong to the Radical-Socialist left in the Chamber of Deputies. You will quite understand how imperative it was to balance these with M. Delcassé, Minister of Marine, the Minister of Commerce, and the Under-Secretary of State for the Interior, all three of whom are more moderate, belonging, as they do, to the Radical left." "What is the Radical left exactly?" asked my friend, who was beginning to feel unhappy, but who thought he had me there. "Well, you see," I explained, "the politics of the Radical left are really Conservatism tinged with a certain amount of Republican-Radicalism, or, perhaps, Radical-Republicanism with a touch of Conservatism would explain their exact shade of opinion better." "Are they not all Republicans?" he asked. He really was becoming a little humbler. "Well, yes, when they are in the tribune," I explained. "Every French statesman is a Republican in theory, because France lives under a Republican Government, but there is a good deal of difference between the group to which the Minister of Colonies, the Postmaster-General, and the Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts belong, and the group which M. Millerand honours. He is a Socialist-Republican, you see. Messrs. Lebrun, Chaumet, and Léon Bérard belong to the democratic left, or the Republicans of the left. It's perfectly simple. You can split the Chamber and the Senate up into right and left and centre, of course, if you like, but none of the members of the centre or the right belong to the new Government."

I won't be very certain, but I think I heard the man from Huddersfield murmur a heartfelt "God be thanked." "No," I went on, "the members of the centre, who are the moderates, and the Royalist and Imperial right who are Republicans only in name, could hardly be expected to sympathise with the Radical-Socialists of the left, who are really Combists. The clerical question, you understand, makes that impossible. And we must not forget the principle of proportional representation which splits the parties in the Ministry again. For instance, though M. Delcassé belongs to the Radical left, M. Steeg to the Radical-Socialist left, and Messrs. Lebrun and Chaumet to the Democratic left or Republicans of the left, they are agreed in favour of the principle of proportional representation. They are R.P. men. You see, to ticket each Minister with his exact political party——" "In the name of Heaven, laad, don't do thaat," said the man from Huddersfield. "Now, what do you say to a whisky?"

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

From Comedy to Opera-Bouffe

MISS HILDA ANTONY, WHO PLAYS VENUS IN "ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND"

Reversing the usual order of things, Miss Hilda Antony has left the ranks of comedy—temporarily at any rate—for opera-bouffe, and is now successfully playing the rôle of Venus in "Orpheus in the Underground" at His Majesty's Theatre

Registered design]

London Nights Entertainments

"OEDIPUS REX" AT COVENT GARDEN. BY "JINGLE"

PROFESSOR MAX REINHARDT'S now familiar method of mixing the audience and the players together in theatrical performances is seen to advantage in Mr. Martin Harvey's production of *Oedipus Rex* at Covent Garden. To begin with, the whole of the proscenium is taken up with a representation of the door of the King's palace and the steps leading to it; and the extra stage room that is required is accordingly borrowed from the floor of the house. This results in an effect of the most acute realism when the stage crowds are in action. The people who clamour and cry before the King's palace rush thither from all directions. You hear their shouts all around you, and have a curiously distinct impression of being one of the excited throng yourself. A wide road has been cut through the middle of the stalls from the stage to the extreme end of the auditorium; and when the excited citizens and citizenesses are streaming along this road with frenzied cries and wild gestures, you have all the sensation of being in the thick of a Trafalgar Square mass meeting without the usual disadvantage of having to keep a protecting hand on your watch and chain.

At first it is all a little bewildering. You soon get used to the processions that come from the right and left sides of the proscenium; but when there comes a sudden noise and bustle, mingled with shouts, from the entrance behind your seat, it is difficult for the moment to avoid the conjecture that a regrettable and unseemly scuffle has suddenly broken out among the occupants of the pit. Another trifling disadvantage is the necessity of having to keep on turning your head when something exciting is going on behind you. When Oedipus, on the steps of his palace, points across the theatre and says, "Here he comes!" or something like that, you feel very keenly the neglect of nature in having carelessly omitted to give us eyes at the back of the head. In my natural anxiety not to miss any of the fun, I had to turn my head so frequently that I have had a stiff neck ever since.

The story of Oedipus is not one for a light pen to trifle with; and it is fortunate that it is sufficiently well known to relieve me of the necessity of discussing it in detail here. It would almost appear as though ancient Greece was in such a depraved state that Sophocles was obliged to invent new crimes in order to interest his *blasé* countrymen in the drama of the day. It is suggested by Professor Murray (whose translation, adapted by Mr. W. L. Courtney, is used here) that the story of Oedipus may have arisen from a Theban "moral tale." It seems to me that a country must have been in a rather desperate way when its "moral" tales ran on lines that could not be hinted at even after dinner, when the ladies have gone to the drawing-room and the man who knows someone on the Stock Exchange is given a free hand.

Mr. Martin Harvey's fine, sonorous voice is heard to the greatest advantage in the impressive language of the play, from which the royal state of Oedipus seems to gain an added nobility and strength. Perhaps Mr. Harvey is hardly so successful in his delineation of the remorse and agony of the unhappy King; but this is the fault of Herr Reinhardt's system of production which now and then loses in dramatic action what it has gained in spectacular effect. The system of flinging an emotional crowd in the middle of the audience is convincing enough; but when the individual actor is required to descend from the safe eminence of the stage and to portray the superlative degree of human agony in the midst of the audience he suffers from the lack of distance which lends enchantment to the view. Mr. Harvey makes his final exit by way of the road that leads through the stalls; he walks haltingly and slowly, as the newly blinded must, but at this stage the thread that divides the sublime from its antithesis becomes very fine indeed. He is as one of the gods come down to earth. On the stage he was Oedipus himself; but walking through the house he is Mr. Martin Harvey in Grecian dress and painted face. If the aim of art be to conceal art, as they taught us at school, Herr Reinhardt's system would seem to break down here.

Mr. H. A. Saintsbury gives a very fine rendering of Tiresias, the blind seer—which sounds like a Hibernianism, although, of course, it isn't one really. Miss Lillah McCarthy has not much to do as the unhappy Queen, but all that she does is extremely impressive, and she has the added advantage of possessing the distinguished appearance that is essential to such a part. It is difficult to estimate the artistic quality of such a production as *Oedipus Rex* at Covent Garden; and I should be rather inclined to hazard the guess that its chief value lies in its striking appeal to the friends of the curious.

JINGLE

London is at present enjoying a surfeit of spectacular drama under the auspices of Herr Reinhardt. After "The Mir the sending audie ay

he Capital has been electrified by a magnificent production at Covent Garden of "Oedipus Rex," the realism of which is y horrified nightly

BY NORMAN MORROW

MATTERS MUSICAL

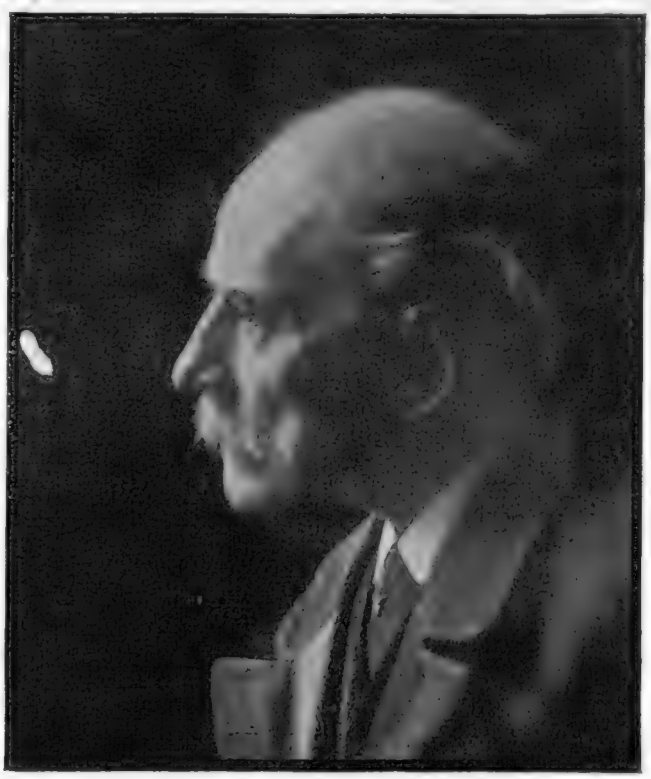
MASSENET'S OPERAS IN GENERAL AND "LE JONGLEUR" IN PARTICULAR

Popular Ingredients

People are always wondering why Massenet's music, so popular in France, has never enjoyed even a moderate success in this country. For my part, I am in no doubt as to the explanation. Massenet is essentially, fundamentally French; his music is impregnated with that particular languor, half sensual, half sentimental, in which that most material of peoples love to indulge when the opportunity for making money is past. He specialises in white lilies, pretty ecclesiastical legends, and a mild eroticism, very *couleur de rose;* all the ingredients, in fact, which constitute the typical sweets of French sentiment. Hence the enormous popularity of *ce Massenet,* as Romain Rolland, I think it was, said of him, *qui sommeille dans le cœur de tout vrai Français.* Now, the English are at least as sentimental as the French, probably more so. But their sentimentality is quite different; it is not in the least erotic, but rather protective and pitiful. Dickens, I suppose, represented it perfectly in his invention of a Christmas where everybody overflowed with good intentions towards everybody else, and the Anglican hymn-book positively teems with it.

Where Massenet Fails

Naturally, then, Massenet, whose appeal is almost wholly to one sentiment, fails when brought in contact with a sentiment totally opposite. He is speaking in terms which mean quite different things to the two audiences. He has not the advantages of his derivative Debussy, who has specialised in a kind of natural impressionism common to educated town-dwellers of both nations. Indeed, Debussy by his bold experiments in this direction, not to mention his novel harmonies, has progressed so far beyond his master that it is difficult now, unless we turn to the *Petite Suite* and other very early works, to realise the affinity between the two—but that is a very long story, and nothing whatever to do with *Hérodiade* or *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame,* which Mr. Hammerstein is producing at the London Opera House.



Specially photographed for "The Bystander" by E. O. Hoppé

JULES EMILE FRÉDÉRIC MASSENET

Whose operas, "Hérodiade" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Mr. Hammerstein is producing at the London Opera House

"Hérodiade" and—

Hérodiade is a kind of polite *Salome,* with face nicely washed and hair nicely brushed as for an evening party. Even St. John the Baptist looks irreproachably neat and perfumed, while Salome herself becomes a sentimental *ingénue* with religious aspirations. The music is like the story; it is all beautifully tied up with pink ribbons, and the scoring and technique are the very best money can buy. Some of the music is, indeed, quite attractive, mostly owing to the excellence of the workmanship—but there are long, dreary wastes of musical platitudes which not even the beautiful Lina Cavalieri, jewels and all, or the resourceful Renaud can render tolerable.

—"Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"

Le Jongleur de Notre Dame is quite a different matter. To my mind it represents Massenet at his very best. Of course, the story is very good, very human, very touching; it compares most favourably, as I think, with the treatment of a rather similar theme in *The Miracle*—but, all due allowance being made for this inestimable advantage, the composer has produced what is, in its way, a little masterpiece. To begin with, he gives one the impression of being really sincere for once, and the absence of any "love-interest" prevents the music from acquiring that horrid sliminess so noticeable in many of his compositions. Everything is delightfully simple and clear, quite unpretentious—and, of course, technically as perfect as ever.

An Excellent Performance

The whole performance, too, was good. Whatever one may think of the advisability of turning the juggler into a mezzo-soprano, there can be no doubt that Mlle. Victoria Fer accomplished wonders with the part. She was deliciously naïve and awkward, much more like a boy than a woman. Further, the scenery was excellent, and not in the least obtrusive, as has sometimes been the case at this theatre. Indeed, *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame* is by far the best production I have yet seen at Mr. Hammerstein's Opera House, and deserves a great success.

FRANCIS TOYE

Humperdinck in Life

THE "LITTLE WAGNER"—COMPOSER OF "HANSEL AND GRETEL," "KONIGSKINDER" AND "THE MIRACLE"

HERR AND FRAU HUMPERDINCK WALKING IN BAYREUTH

The position of Herr Humperdinck in English music is somewhat ironical. His exceptional genius is recognised in London practically for the first time. Save for an occasional performance—very occasional—at Covent Garden of "Hansel and Gretel," he has been practically neglected until this winter saw the production of his "Konigskinder" and his music to "The Miracle." Simultaneously with this "arrival" came the news of his critical illness. There has been much operatic and concert music of the last ten years which we could better have spared than Humperdinck's. As the "miniature Wagner" his music combines much of the greater master's technique and atmosphere with a fairylike lightness and piquancy. It is an interesting fact, apropos, to add that his, the master's son, Siegfried Wagner, studied composition under Herr Humperdinck

Photograph *Sydney J. Loeb*

The Bystander in Berlin

ENGLAND'S PART IN THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

"Stick-Elections"

THE Socialists have triumphed in the Reichstag Election, as the Berlin Bystander (and 400,000,000 other prophets.—ED.) prophesied. The precise measure of their triumph will not be known until about the date of this BYSTANDER, because on January 12 only 208 elections were fought to a finish, and the remaining 189, owing to lack of a clear majority for any candidate, must be refought between the 20th and 24th. These refought elections are called "Stichwahlen," which means literally "Stick-elections," not in the adhesive stamp-plaster, but in the pentrative pricking sense. And, probably, in the coming 189 second elections many honest politicians will get badly stuck.

The Socialist Strength

THE Socialists, on January 12, held or gained 64 seats, and they are parties to no fewer than 122 of the coming 189 Stick-elections. If they gain half the Stick-elections they will return to the Reichstag with a party strength of 125 seats—not far short of the 140 which their tipsiest optimists predicted. However, in past Stick-elections the Socialists usually gained only about a quarter. This would give them 90. If they do as well in the Stick-elections as in the first elections, they may easily count 100 members. This would make them for the first time the strongest Reichstag party, as the Centre, which started with 104, has already lost three seats, and will probably lose a few more. Should National-Liberal and Radical voters take the counsel of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and back Socialists where they are fighting Conservative or Centre men, then the Socialist party strength may easily reach the 125.

Another Election

HEREUPON enter John Bull. An enduring Reichstag, with over 100 Socialists is impossible, because it can at any moment be dominated by a coalition of Socialists and Centre, who will together command over 200 seats out of 397;

THE DOVER CLIFF COLLAPSE

John Bull: "Good Jam. That's the Secret German Landslide League at work!"

From "Kladderadatsch"

or, counting Poles, Alsatians, and other Centre appendage-parties, over 220. The Centre can dictate terms to the Government on threat of joining the Reds, as it did in December, 1906. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg must get rid of such a Reichstag. And already, on January 13, Berlin newspapers were discussing a *new* dissolution.

John Bull Steps In

KINDLY, accommodating John Bull is to suggest the plan. He is to be used to show up the Red Reichstag as *Vaterlandlos*—Fatherlandless—and get it replaced by a patriotic Legislature. Probably early in February, new Bills providing for *cadres* for two more army corps and for a third active warship squadron will be produced; and justified by England's provocativeness, by Sir Edward Grey's alleged plot to attack Germany, or, as other Germans say, by his helplessness as inexpert amateur in the hands of cleverer men of Jingo leanings. Now, the Centre is already pledged to oppose more armaments, and the Socialists and Radical Freisinn will, of course, oppose. This will leave the supporters of the Bills, the Conservatives and National-Liberals in a hopeless minority. The Bills will be rejected, and the Government will have an excuse to dissolve. Repeated experience shows this: that however unpatriotic a Reichstag elected on other than defence issues proves to be, an appeal to the electorate *ad hoc* on a patriotic issue always yields a national rally.

£1,000 STERLING FOR TREASON

John Bull: "If I make the bait big enough, some of those accursed Germans will bite"

From "Jugend"

Our Wickedness

By pursuing this policy, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg will kill two birds with one stone. He will get the necessary armaments against John Bull, and he will have a chance of routing the Socialists in their very hour of triumph. All that is needed is a good patriotic rally. The wickedness of John Bull is, therefore, likely to play a considerable part in German politics during the next few months.

The Serpent of Old Nile

POPULAR RUSSIAN BALLET DANCERS IN "CLEOPATRA"

Photograph *Photochemie*

One of the finest ballets in the Russians' repertoire is "Cleopatra." M. Nijinsky, seen in the picture with Mlle. Seraphine Astfiowa as Cleopatra, plays the part of a young chief, who, enamoured of the beauteous queen, accepts her offer of a night of love that is to know no daybreak. After having realised his dreams he is to die. The Company are now playing in Berlin

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

CHURCH, STATE, AND DIVORCE

The Commission's Report

The reports of the Royal Commission on Divorce are now in our hands, and they are as obvious and nearly as boring as we might have expected. Some excellent persons are in favour of advancing the law of the land a step further in the direction of promiscuity, others no less excellent are hot for a return to an Arcadian ecclesiastical governance typified by the figures of Philemon and Baucis. Both groups are inspired by a quite touching sentimentalism—for, of course, on the one hand, it is appalling that any two incompatible beings should be tied together by a bond that is only soluble after great difficulties or after death; and, of course, on the other, it is abhorrent that any two beings joined together by the Lord should be severed by mortal means. But the point to be considered, really, is whether, on the one hand, very great hardships are incurred by those anxious for separation, and, on the other, whether, except by the rules of the Churches, any union, whether or no it was sanctified by the sacrament of marriage, that the parties afterwards sought to set aside, was ever made by God.

The Church's Attitude

We must, I think, set apart the cases of Churches. A Church is 'a communion of men, as it were a club, walking, to the measure of the light vouchsafed, in the light of God and the Saints. It has its own canons that cannot, in this matter, clash with the laws of the State unless that Church be the beneficiary, the pensioner or the vicar over morals for the State. No Church, it seems to me, can be asked to give the Communion to any persons that are living, according to the light of that Church's revelation, in open sin. If we say that no cricket club can be asked by law to include any person who insists on defending his wickets with his legs or that no Liberal political club can be forced to open its membership to persons who speak against any Liberal measure, we make the matter clear enough. It may be disagreeable to persons of an Agnostic tendency that Rome or a small sect in Plymouth should insist on the indissolubility of marriage, but no reasonable person would seriously say that the rule of the Wall Game should be altered because the majprity of Englishmen prefer the Association form of football, and the business of that Agnostic is to change Rome by his voice or to obtain sufficient voting power amongst the Plymouthians to alter their tenets.

The Part of the State

But so much having been said on behalf of the Churches, it is well to recognise that that is all that can be said for them. And it is as well that it should be recognised that at that point the voices of the Churches should cease from troubling. Rome, upon its seven hills, or Plymouth, from its rock, should be allowed no more voice in the decisions of the nation than is to be found in the voices of their communicants speaking as individuals. For Rome, every person who has taken steps to dissolve a marriage sacramented by Rome's rites may well fall under the Church's ban. But, on merely public grounds, it is for the State to determine whether or no any given union was made by God, and is to that extent dissoluble. For the Churches cannot claim to speak, and do not even claim to speak, as scientific dissectors of the passion of love, and, speaking very roughly, we may say that unless a certain form of the passion of love exists on both sides in a dual union, that union cannot be said to have been made by the Almighty.

Wives and Mistresses

It is probable that the most stable unions that the world has seen have been those where, owing to the difficulty of getting married or the impossibility of divorce, promiscuity prevails. Thus the Kings of France, or more particularly of Hanover and England, were vastly more faithful to their paramours than ever they could manage to be to their queens, and the regular but unsanctified *collages* of France and the irregular unions of Russia are said to be vastly more tranquil, domestic, and lasting than the regular marriages of those countries. Or in Italy it is a simple and accepted fact that the most virtuous and self-respecting of newspapers take much, much more trouble to obtain an interview with the mistress of eminent gentlemen lately deceased than ever with the wife or the parents. They consider that the former lady will know far more about the defunct. Nevertheless, in spite of these deductions, he would be a bold man who would advocate that the State in this country should regularise promiscuity.

The Dependence of Women

And for the matter of that, irregular unions regulate themselves. So that philosophically considered, except for the matter of the legitimacy of children, the functions of the State in the matter of marriage are extremely shadowy, and for all other practical purposes the only real factors are the churches, with their more or less defined rules, and Society, with its rules that are not defined at all. So, at least, it would be, and the State might just as well leave the matter of marriage alone for good and all, were it not for the question of the economic dependence of women. Nowadays, or until the day

before yesterday, women were not supposed to be trained for any position at all except that of unpaid housekeeper, and, apparently, the State considered that its function was to see that women who undertook this post got a life job for their pains. She was a sort of a slave, with a gold collar round her third finger rather than round her neck as her badge of servitude.

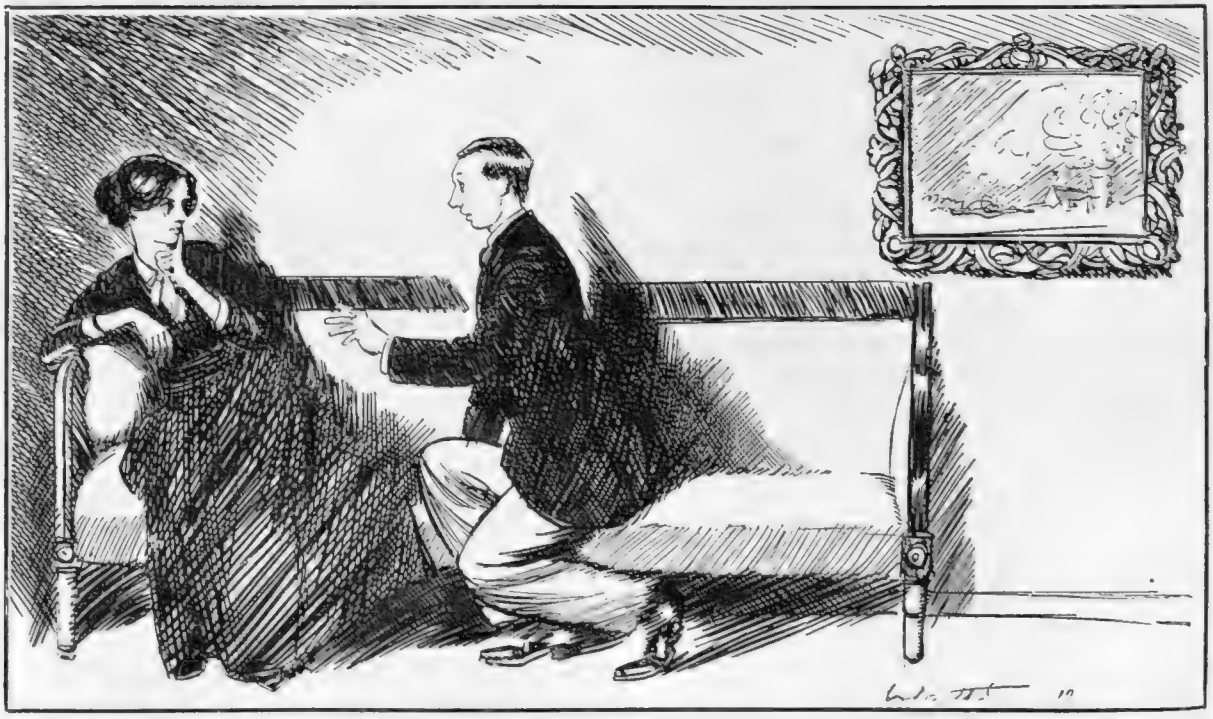
A Forecast

But all that is changing, and, as far as I can see, the State might just as well go out of business in this matter, for it is one in which the State cannot really ever enact any state of things that can be at all satisfactory. The State in this country has for quite a long time given up the visionary idea of regulating how man shall live with God. One day it will give up the vastly more difficult task of attempting to regulate how men shall live with women. The State will probably have to go on attending to the problem of child-bearing and to the subsequent maintenance of the children. It does that in the case of irregular unions to-day, and it might well do it more efficiently. But I think that that is really all that the State can efficiently do. For if a man determines to leave a woman he will do it or a woman a man. The law at present maintains an impossible set of conditions to meet that eventuality. It says that that man or that woman may contract no other legal union. Nevertheless, supposing another union to be contracted, it sets up a condition of things that, roughly enough, regularises an irregular union, for it will make the man responsible for the offspring of that union.

Society to Blame

It will be observed that I do not approach this matter with any sentiment. But it is difficult to import any sentiment into the matter of the attitude of the State towards human union—and it will remain difficult until the State can devise a means for rendering husband and wife kind, tolerant, and perpetually attractive one to another. Until that can happen every other discussion of the matter is really a weariness. Obviously the State should render divorce as easy as possible. Obviously the Churches should continue to punish with the threat of Hell any of their communicants who infringe their marriage laws. Obviously Society should go on doing as it does—ignoring, as far as possible, the decrees of both Church and State, and considering each separate union on its merits as a special case. For that, roughly speaking, is what Society really does and should do. And when the upholders of all sorts of loosenings of the marriage-tie rail at the Churches or the State, they are really railing at Society for not being more tolerant. That is what is really the crux of the matter. Society might well be more tolerant in these matters—at least, I think so. But to bring that about is the task of the reformers. They have to work on the social psychology. For what a society—any society—really asks of its coupled members is some reasonable assurance of the stability of their relationships. For Society is a great club for the avoidance of nuisances when people meet—and it is a great nuisance when you are asking people in to tea to have to consider that you must not ask Mr. A and Mrs. A on the same day because Mr. A has made a new union with a Mrs. C, with whom he will probably be on unfriendly terms within eighteen months, by which time Mrs. A will have hitched on to Mr. F, after having rapturously sampled Mr. G. Put in the coarsest and most explicit language, it is that sort of nuisance that Society has to guard itself against.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER



"No, Ferdinand, owing to circumstances over which I have no control I can never marry you"
"What circumstances, Araminta?"
"Your circumstances, Ferdinand"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

BYSTANDER STORYETTE NO. V.

THE MAD MILLIONAIRE

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

AN EASY WAY TO WEALTH

THE news that the old man who had taken Oak Cottage for the winter months was a millionaire came as a shock to the intensely respectable suburban town of Opley. Some hint of the fact that he was fairly well-to-do had been given to a neighbour here and there by Mrs. Green, the elderly lady whom he had engaged as his housekeeper, and who turned out to be an incurable gossip. Mrs. Green had more than once mentioned the fact to every new acquaintance she made that her master, whose name was Bangton, seemed to be doing little else all day but draw cheques in response to charitable appeals.

The neighbours began to grow curious. Oak Cottage was not, it is true, in the "select" part of Opley; but Mr. Bangton could have no means of knowing this when he took the place. When the stories of the reckless distribution of wealth got about, more than one of the local aristocracy began to consider that it would really be no more than a Christian duty to call upon the stranger within their gates and extend to him the right hand of fellowship.

The Vicar, who had noticed Mr. Bangton's reverent demeanour in church, was the first to call; and although Opley is not by any means a hotbed of gossip, the good man could not but feel that he was in some way the emissary of his better-class parishioners. The account he gave of Mr. Bangton was most flattering.

Mr. Bangton had been, it seemed, a farmer in Australia, and he was quite frank in his admission that he had made money. After sticking to his work for thirty years he had suddenly realised that his money was of no use to him. His tastes had been simple for so long that he could not alter them; and as two or three pounds a week amply sufficed for all his needs, he was in the agreeably embarrassing position of finding that his money was accumulating faster than he could spend it, and he had, therefore, decided to study some of the more deserving charities and give them a helping hand. He was able to do this the more readily as he had neither wife nor child, nor, indeed, any relations at all. The Vicar added with an approving smile that Mr. Bangton had finished his explanation with the sublime words, "What shall it profit a man, etc., etc.?"

The news that Mr. Bangton was not more than fifty, and that he was a bachelor still, gave a new point to this confession of superfluous wealth, since there was more than one maiden lady of mature years in Opley, who for some occult reason that had never been clear to herself had been passed by in the matrimonial rush.

What, however, put the seal upon Mr. Bangton's influence in Opley was a letter which he wrote to the *Daily Dictator*, a newspaper that had made a great success of raising money for worthy objects. Indeed, the influence of the *Dictator* in this direction was so great that at times it had even to make a special appeal to its benevolent readers to leave off sending money as the staircases and landings of the *Dictator* buildings were choked with uncontrollable masses of cheques and postal orders. Mr. Bangton's letter ran as follows:

"The building of the new hospital advocated in your clever journal appeals to me so much that I take the liberty of suggesting that you should invite all the millionaires of this country to support the scheme to the extent of one thousand pounds each. As one of that much-maligned class, I have much pleasure in enclosing my own cheque for one thousand pounds in order to set the ball rolling.

"I have not been back from Australia very long, and so my friends in this country are few in number, but I shall consider it my duty to try and collect from my neighbours further subscriptions towards this noble work."

The facts had come out at last, then. It was no wonder that Mr. Bangton could afford to be so generous with his money. He was a millionaire! The *Daily Dictator* was the favourite morning paper of the better-class of residents in Opley; and at the breakfast-tables that morning the one topic of discussion was this handsome contribution to the new hospital fund. Some of the more worldly residents could not, it is true, help expressing a little mild surprise that Mr. Bangton should have given a thousand pounds in one sum when he might have had ten times the advertisement by splitting his donation into hundreds; but, after all, a thousand pounds to him was probably no more than a hundred pounds would be to the ordinary middle-class man.

There was a stream of callers at Mr. Bangton's cottage that day. Everyone who met him agreed that he was an amiable and quite artless old man, who, apparently, did not understand the value of money. Nevertheless, the opportunity of shining in his reflected glory was too good to be missed, and, before leaving, each visitor begged that Mr. Bangton would accept a contribution towards the personal collection he had spoken of making. Mr. Bangton smiled benevolently, and gave a receipt for the money in every case, thus proving that he had, at least, not lost the business habits of a lifetime. He promised that the amounts should be duly credited in the *Dictator* to the respective donors; and he was as good as his word.

On the morrow of Mr. Bangton's magnificent gift to the *Dictator* Hospital Fund the post-office had to furnish a special mail-bag for the letters addressed to Oak Cottage. There were subscriptions from benevolent people not only in Opley, but elsewhere, and in almost every case the writer expressed a tender hope that the acquaintance so auspiciously begun would not be allowed to be dropped entirely. There were also a number of begging letters of the most flagrant order. Mrs. Green, his housekeeper, explained to an interested neighbour that she had personally taken it upon herself

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 192)

Sayings I Don't Agree With

NO 2. THAT—"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS!"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

(Continued from page 190)

to tell Mr. Bangton to take no notice of such things; but he had insisted on putting them aside for future reference. For the moment, of course, he was obliged, in his capacity of self-appointed trustee for the *Dictator*, to keep an account of such money as he received, and to pay it into the bank as soon as possible.

On the following morning, as Mr. Bangton was busy with a second mail-bag, a gentleman arrived at Oak Cottage with all the marks of hasty travel upon him. He introduced himself as the cashier of the *Daily Dictator*. There had been an absurd mistake somewhere, of course; but the fact was that Mr. Bangton's cheque had been returned to them that morning marked "Insufficient funds—refer to drawer."

Mr. Bangton smiled at first at the odd mistake, but realising that some trouble had been unwittingly caused, he took the cashier with him to the railway station and telephoned to the bank for an explanation. The cashier himself heard the reply from the bank that there seemed to have been an unfortunate mistake, as the account had a quite sufficient balance for meeting the cheque in question.

The cashier returned to London breathing more freely. He had been afraid the "mad millionaire" had been trying to make an April fool of the *Daily Dictater*.

By the end of the week Mr. Bangton's subscribers had become so numerous that they had a column in the *Daily Dictator* to themselves. There was a second column of letters to the editor from people who desired to thank their old friend, Mr. Bangton, the well-known millionaire philanthropist, for having called their attention to this most deserving charity.

The amount of the subscriptions now totalled nearly seven thousand pounds. Mr. Bangton wrote to the editor to say that he thought that was a very fair sum for one man to have collected in a week, and he did not propose to receive any more subscriptions. At the same time he enclosed his cheque for seven thousand pounds exactly, having taken the liberty of making the amount even out of his own pocket.

The cashier at once took the cheque to the bank, as he was not able to forget his previous experience in a hurry. The bank official looked at it, and then explained with a courteous smile that there was, apparently, some mistake, as Mr. Bangton had closed his account on the previous day, having been called abroad in a hurry.

Equally hurried inquiries on the part of the *Dictator* revealed the fact that Mr. Bangton's original cheque for one thousand pounds had been drawn against a cash balance of two pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence, and an abiding faith in human gullibility. The first subscriptions had come in just in time to enable the cheque to be honoured, although it had been a neck-and-neck affair at that.

The rest had been easy. Mr. Bangton had retired to parts unknown with a profit on his nefarious deal of nearly six thousand pounds, which his victims piously hope will burn his fingers to the bone every time he handles any of it.

It really is a wicked world. ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

How Our Navy Performs Its Simpler Duties

HOISTING THE GIG

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

The End of the Road

The abdication of the young Chinese Emperor has long been imminent, and now looks actually likely to happen at any moment

BY SID TREEBY

Riviera Notes

Mr. James Hennessy (centre), who, in addition to acquiring a fortune by distilling brandy, has made a small one by racing, having just won two big prizes, value £6,000, at Nice

Alarming Increase in Building

The hotel-keepers are at last beginning to rub their hands. This operation is annually deferred until the Nice races are over, for Fashion has, for some reason best known to herself, decided that until the last race has been run on the course at the Var the Riviera must not fill up. Once the jockeys and trainers have gone comes the big crowd, and by the time this sees print rooms *en plein midi* will begin to get hard of discovery, despite the alarming rate at which such rooms increase each season. At the present pace of Riviera building it really looks as if in another twenty years the coast from Cannes to Mentone will become one great big city, and the funny part of it is that the more they build the harder people seem to find it to get the accommodation they want *en pleine saison*.

Mr. Lloyd George and the Press

Mr. Lloyd George has not been, as some papers would have you believe, the "centre of attraction down here" of late, for the very excellent reason that the Chancellor has kept very much to himself and the delightful villa lent him by his fervent admirer, Sir Howard Harmsworth. He has lunched at Ciro's and dined at the Hôtel de Paris, but you will find no mention of these doings in the local Press, and even the *Daily Mail* has failed to report them. The explanation of this journalistic silence over one of the men of the hour is to be found in the fact that Mr. George, desiring above all things peace and quietude, sent an emissary along the coast to beg the Press to leave him alone. And the Press, with that politeness that is its chief characteristic, acceded to the request.

Lord Holmpatrick and Mrs. Hamilton Wedderburn at Monte Carlo

After all, when you come to think of it, the Chancellor's gastronomic feats are not of extraordinary interest. There is nothing of the gourmet about him, and it only takes him a minute or two to order a meal. Mr. George, while silencing the Press, has been kind to the photographer, and allowed himself to be taken with his friends, Sir Rufus Isaacs and the Master of Elibank, on the terrace of "La Dragonnière." He insisted, however, that no reproduction of his classic features should appear until it had met with his approval.

No Good Wins

We have had quite a batch of somebodies at Monte of late. Mlle. Cecile Sorel, more beautiful than ever, has been appearing in the Rooms and *La Dame aux Camelias*; Lord Warwick has been lunching and dining Lady Helmsley at Ciro's and the Paris; Mr. Walter Griggs, the jockey, has been seen at the Tir, whither last year's Grand Prix winner, Mr. Elijah Moore, has returned; Mr. Haddon Chambers runs over often from Nice; Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid us a flying visit; Mr. James Hennessy has been in the Rooms when he has not been at the Grand Cercle Nice; Prince Frederick Duleep-Singh is back for a long stay; and they say that Lady de Bathe is at Beaulieu, but no one seems to have seen her. There appears to have been quite a wave of bad luck for the punters of late. No one had a good win either at roulette, trente-et-quarante, or baccarat, and we have been absolutely without a single "sensation." The biggest player at baccarat has been a Russian well known down here, but his luck has been anything but good. The banks at Nice are remarkably small this season, and even Mr. Hennessy has failed to put up more than a couple of hundred pounds at a time. The Marquet Syndicat, which won so much last season, has not put in a re-appearance, and they say it never will, though the reason is wrapped in mystery. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that it is not the syndicate's fault if its members are not dealing the cards this winter!

Fire as an Aid to Photography

A FINE CAMERA PICTURE OF THE RECENT BROADWAY BLAZE

Photograph *Brown Bros., New York*

THE HOSES PLAYING ON THE FIRE FROM ACROSS THE STREET

The most serious the financial district of New York has ever known, the recent Broadway fire, which destroyed the Equitable Life Assurance Society's building, was the most difficult the New York Fire Department has ever handled. Owing to the high wind the water broke into spray and was scattered uselessly, while wherever it fell it froze, until Broadway became a street of icicles. The photograph was taken looking up Broadway, and on the left may be seen the famous Trinity Church, which is the only building of respectable antiquity in Broadway

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Across the Channel

To attempt to imprison with any satisfaction a large European nation, together with its moralities, its methods of living, its politics, its books and its theatres, its priests and its Press, and half a dozen other of its most important and most characteristic attributes—to imprison all these within the covers of a single volume, you need not a little courage and no mean powers of discrimination. It must be fairly simple to obtain a picturesque, if extraordinarily incorrect, impression of, say, the Laplanders, even though you stay in their country for no longer than a fortnight (quite a long time—to some bookmakers), but it must be very difficult, even after a five or ten years' sojourn, to be able to do much more than suggest a few of the Lap's more obvious characteristics. So to compress France and her inhabitants comfortably and reasonably into a book is a task of herculean proportions. Mr. Charles Dawbarn, in his *France and the French* (Methuen: 10*s*. 6*d*. net), has played literary wizard—with the result that here you have a vastly entertaining book covering enormous ground and written with an easy grace. There is the personal touch present, of course, but for this you may be grateful, because, so it seems to me, in a book of this kind the personal touch, if not unduly insisted upon, can act the interpreter.

MR. CHARLES DAWBARN

Whose book, "France and the French" (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net), is reviewed on this page

The Moving Picture

You will find in this book a discussion of just those matters concerning our neighbours, about which you may have long been in doubt—the real meaning of the Republic, the substrata of French Society, the reasons for the numerous and sometimes chaotic Governments—the political chapters are especially interesting at the moment—the clerical question and that judicial system which to English people seems so curiously unfair and inhuman. "It is an attempt," writes Mr. Dawbarn, "to present a moving picture of this intellectual and brilliant people," and the picture has been carefully and tastefully painted. The Frenchmen are extraordinarily different from ourselves, and Mr. Dawbarn has fixed upon the most important differences from which to break out into his explanatory chapters. Two or three months ago I mentioned Pierre de Coulevain's *L'Ile Inconnu*; here, in *France and the French*, is the obverse of the picture, though told in this case from the masculine standpoint and without the "story," which was so charmingly related by the French authoress. Both are excellent and enjoyable books.

A Prize Novel

Two facts strike me as being worthy of notice in the matter of the latest prize-novel competition. When, a year ago, three well-known women-novelists were invited by Mr. Melrose to judge the manuscripts sent to him, they chose a romantic "costume" story written by one of their own sex. Now, when the same publisher has entrusted his manuscripts to three men—Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. W. J. Locke, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason—the three judges have shown a similar preference. The new prize novel, *The House of Lisronan* (Melrose: 6*s*.), is the work of a woman, Miriam Alexander, and it is a romantic "costume" story. Lisronan is an Irish Catholic peer, whose property is confiscated by William III. and given to one of his Dutch favourites. Lisronan's mother is insulted by this man, and he swears revenge, but he falls in love with the Dutchman's daughter, and, to save her reputation, marries her. You are not altogether surprised to learn that the girl is not really the despoiler's kin, nor that she is not in love with her husband. If the story proceeds on conventional lines, however, its ending is truly dramatic. A story of this kind needs a subtle climax, and Miriam Alexander has one in readiness. The

The Camera in Sicily

WHEREIN THE BRITISH PREMIER HAS RECENTLY ENJOYED A HOLIDAY

Ruins of the Magnificent Temples at Selinunte, Sicily

The Harbour, Palermo, Sicily

The Graeco-Roman Theatre at Taormina (Etna smoking in the distance)

Sicily is only unpleasant occasionally, and then on a very big scale. At present, however, no earthquakes are going forward, and it is its normal, sunny, smiling self. The British Prime Minister has recently given a lead to the country by visiting it, having thus gone as far as possible away from his most intimate colleagues. Will he see in some of the splendid ruins a portent of the immediate future of his Ministry?

final sentence of her book quite uncomfortably thrills you. *The House of Lisronan* may not be a masterpiece, but it is a stirring tale, innocent of sentimentalism and admirably told.

"Flemington"

There are passages in Miss Alexander's book which suggest that it is the work of a man, but there is another novel written by a woman which has the truly masculine touch throughout its length. *Flemington* (Murray: 6*s*.), by Mrs. Arthur Jacob, is in the front rank of modern historical novels. The surprising point about it is that, with the exception of the hero's grandmother, herself a woman with a suggestion of masculine pride and aloofness in her character, there is not a woman in the story. Nor does the period treated of break new ground; probably more novels have been written about the '45 than about any other period in British history. Yet Mrs. Jacob has managed to tell a most picturesque story without drawing a single conventionally romantic character. Her hero, Archibald Flemington, a painter, but also a secret agent in King George's pay, is sent to spy out the Logie brothers, of whom Lord Balnillo, the elder, is a shrewd judge, and James, the younger, is considered by the loyalists to be one of the most dangerous men in Scotland. Flemington and James, however, become friends, and the painter, for the first time in his short, merry life, learns of the difficulties of his rather ignominious profession. Not even his terrible grandmother can make him betray James Logie, though the two men may fight by themselves and come into repeated opposition. The elder man's sad history touches a chord in Flemington's heart, and the painter gives himself up to be shot, after he has helped the other man to get safely over to Holland. As in Miss Alexander's book, the closing scenes of *Flemington* are strangely moving, but Mrs. Jacob's book is infinitely the finer of the two. Her pen is sure of itself, and she sees things in a way of her own. People will still be reading *Flemington* in a year or two's time, and they will agree with me that it is one of the few books which can withstand the absence of the love-story which most of the library-readers so persistently demand.

The County Coast Series

Another of Mr. Fisher Unwin's Coast-books has just been issued, this time *The Sussex Coast* (6*s*. net). Mr. Ian C. Hannah, the author, is a Sussex man in love with his subject, and although there are many books on Sussex men and Sussex lore, there is room enough for this further volume. There is a little geography, a little history, and a pinch or two of biographical matter, and there are several delicate drawings by Miss Edith B. Hannah. These, by the way, I should like to have seen reproduced on a larger scale, but the full-page water-coloured drawing of Beachy Head forms an admirable frontispiece.

RALPH STRAUS

Seeds Slow to Germinate

THERE are certain seeds which, owing to the hardness of the outer envelopes, are very slow in germinating if they are sown in soil in the ordinary way. They are mostly rather large, however, and in this case germination may often be hastened by special treatment. Cannas—which are sometimes called "Indian Shot," because of the shape and hardness of the seeds—will serve as an instance. If the seeds are sown without any preparation they may, even in the high temperature of the stove, take months to germinate, whereas if they are first treated in the following manner they will often start into growth in a few days in a greenhouse. First of all, the outer skin should be cut by scratching it with a file. Of course, care must be taken not to injure the germ—its position can easily be determined—but if the scratch goes slightly too deep elsewhere it will not matter much. The seeds should then be dropped into hot water and kept in hot water for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time most will show signs of swelling, while some may have burst the outer skin, which may be pulled right off. They should then be sown very thinly in a box of light, rich soil. If it is placed in a propagator, or else supported over the pipes by means of a couple of bricks, and kept moist—warm water should always be applied when necessary, not cold—the seedlings should not be long in appearing. In a few weeks they will be large enough to be potted separately, and with liberal treatment—plenty of food, moisture, and warmth—they will quickly make strong plants, and flower well in summer. This is an excellent way to grow Cannas. There is no need to get tubers.

The Finest Lilies

Imported lilies arrive in England in enormous numbers during January and February, and should be planted as soon as they can be obtained. They are generally enclosed in clay, to exclude the air, which dries the bulbs excessively and makes them flabby, and the sooner they are in the ground again the better. The flowers of some species have a very strong smell, and these are not suitable for pots. The most popular lilies for this purpose are the longiflorums, the speciosums, and especially the auratums—the handsomest of a remarkably handsome family. These species may also be grown in the open air, and with them may be associated many others—notably L. giganteum, which, when well established under favourable conditions, is magnificent, the stems being ten or twelve feet high and carrying twenty or more flowers. Lilies require much moisture while they are growing, and if dried up in summer are sure to be spoilt. The best position for them, therefore, is one which is slightly shaded during the middle of the day—for instance, the base of a deciduous tree with not very much foliage, or a rhododendron bed, where the peaty soil is an additional advantage. A mixture of loam, leaf-mould, and sand (with or without peat) makes an excellent soil for pots; and, until growth appears, water should be applied sparingly.

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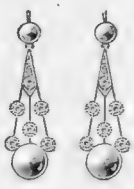

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The Rugby Match that Matters Most

ENGLAND'S FINE WIN OVER WALES AT TWICKENHAM

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR ENGLAND

A Welshman breaks away, but A. D. Stoop (on the extreme right) heads him off

"It's Dogged As Does It"

England beat Wales at Twickenham on Saturday by sheer perseverance. Ten minutes sufficed to indicate that they were the better side; but it took a whole hour and more to prove it. For more than three parts of the game they kept on "doing things," but nothing quite came off. Time after time openings were made and movements carried out up to the very verge of consummation, and then the opportunity would be thrown away. With each successive failure our chances seemed to dwindle; there was even a period in the second half when Wales were distinctly "on top"; but our people never gave up trying; they never lost hold of the conviction that the power to score was in them if it could only properly be applied.

Our Fine Forwards

If ever a match was won by forward play, this one was. They were not specially good at getting the ball in the tight scrums, but in everything else they were fine. Whatever happened to be doing they were in it. There was no trace of that "we-leave-it-to-you" attitude which some forwards display towards the men behind them. They were all over the shop and yet never out of place, shoving, dribbling, and tackling with equal skill, and occasionally running and passing like three-quarters. The Welsh eight could only hold them in the tight; in the loose they were outplayed and outpaced. Pillman, in his rôle of "winger," was immense, and of the others, McIlwaine, Wodehouse, Dibble, and King, were always doing something and doing it as well as it could be done. The English backs though good individually and in attack, were collectively, and as an attacking force, just a shade disappointing. Hard as the Welsh defence was to penetrate, the Englishmen, man for man, were all faster than their *vis-à-vis*, so that some of their passing runs ought to have been successful. But possibly because they relied on their pace, they went in largely for cross-kicking and kicking ahead and spoilt these tactics by overdoing them. Moreover, there can be no point in kicking straight to such a safe full-back as Bancroft, as was done more than once. However, their speed served them all right in defence, for the combination of the Welsh backs was not quite up to concert-pitch either, and our men could generally hold them safe except when a pass was intercepted or some such accident occurred. If not a positively great match it was at least a fine one, and the team that won it ought to give Ireland an exceedingly warm time.

H. S. S.

GOAL!

F. E. Chapman places a goal from England's first try, which was scored by H. Brougham, with a pass from C. H. Pillman. This happened about twelve minutes before time. Before the end J. A. Pym scored another try, giving England the victory by 8 points to nil

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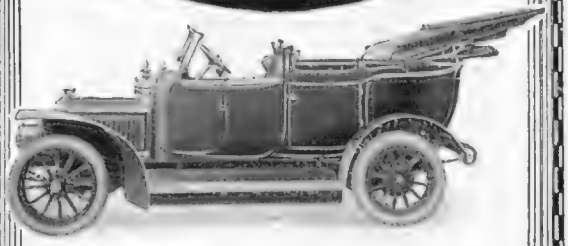

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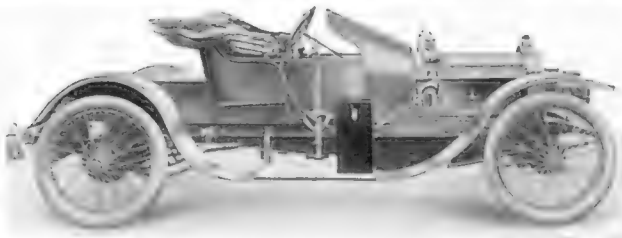

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

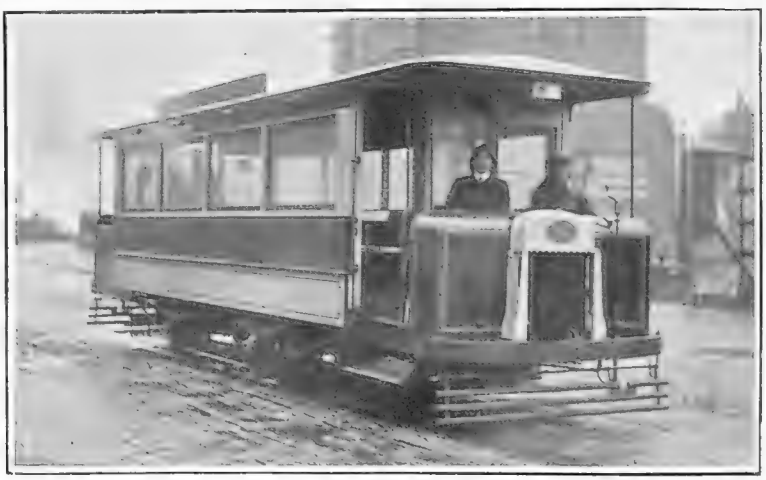
BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

An Unspeakable Scot

When I come to think of it, I must be the unspeakable Scot, because a Scot, even when twice removed as I am from the pure parritch of the soil, must be indeed unspeakable who can make a round trip of eighty miles without the suburbs of Glasgow and return in blank ignorance of the places touched or the names of the sights his glad eyes rested on. Yet thus it is with me. Drymen I remember, certainly, but only for the incongruity of its name in association with two score of very wet men in motor-cars; and Aberfoyle I remember because there the party lunched, looking out through the mist-blurred windows of an historic hostel upon the very scythe-blade which, white-hot from the fire, was seized as a weapon of offence by a famous somebody whose name I have forgotten, to visit bloody judgment upon somebody else whose name is equally fresh in my memory. But there is the scythe-blade hanging from the tree, and for the rest I commend you to the weighty works of Scott., wherein you will find many other facts and fancies relating to the MacGregors, whose country we were touring in very native weather, and particularly of a certain Rob Roy, chief of the clan, and a plaguily uncomfortable person to have around one's house, or so I gather.

A Plea for Pardon

My plea for pardon, however, has several solid counts to it. First, it rained that soaking wetness which the elect know as Scots mist, so that a hood to our open touring body was of the essence of necessity. Then it blew a quite respectable gale from either side with much impartiality, and that meant side-curtains. To sit in the rear seats of a car thus equipped and admire the view, is something of an ocular feat. Add the fact that a dank cloud pall had been spread down the hillside, and that the car in front had plentifully splashed our screen with its muddy back-wash, and then agree that there was a real reason for settling deep in rugs and great coat, and finding peace in a pipe of magnitude. Later, the weather grew more kindly, and the hood went back; but then the brae-side colourings, the noble contour of the hills, the twisting road that flirted lochs and sometimes was indistinguishable from them; a road that climbed to heights through groves of sombre trees, many uprooted by the storm and lying as they fell, doubled on itself in sudden "hairpins" and fell to the lake again, and that brought us with sweetly running engines back to our starting-point and the indescribable glory of a windy, cloud-banked sunset reflecting in amber and green and gold in the wide waters of the lake—but, then, I say, these things obsessed me, and place-names had no point. I ask, therefore, and boldly, for my pardon.



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A Road Test

The trip—this trip of eighty miles of hard road running—was part of a programme mapped out gratefully by the proprietors of our Scottish technical contemporary, the *Motor World*, in order to relieve a few of us from the impregnable tedium of a Glasgow Sabbath. My thanks are few, but very hearty, and only the more hearty because they gave me the chance of a touring test of the new Clement. The earlier Clement I knew with no small affection. It has accomplished many things, but primarily its merit was in the flexible power of its smallest model, its invariable reliability, its suspensional adequacy, and comfortable touring properties, based upon a chassis in which the excellence of material, constructional strength and poise, were strongly marked features. I remember that in the Paulhan flight to Manchester he was outstripped by the attendant Clement on the road below; that the car's economical reliability has been attested in the strenuous, fast delivery service of a great London daily journal, and that if I were to attempt to set down the names of its distinguishe owners and added those who had come back for their sixth to tenth successive Clements, I should want several additional pages and reduce "Who's Who." if the names were extracted, to the consistency of a tract on temperance—almost!

A New Clement

This new Clement, one of ample power at 28 h.-p., I found in the running to be a refined edition of its predecessors. I do not say that in essentials it was notably better, because that would be difficult of conception. The difference to me lay in its fine reserve of power, the ease with which it tackled every road problem presented to it (and the road, as I have indicated, was none of the easiest, and there were five aboard), and the refinement of its appointments. It made a speedy, powerful touring carriage, graceful in its design and gracious in its deep-seated comfort. It is essentially one of the cars which must have its place upon any list of purchasers possible. The fact that it is now the all-British Clement adds something to its appeal. I pray you respond.

In Compression

I illustrated the new Knight-Panhard the other day in order to show that the car has strong claims to a place among distinguished-looking vehicles. I remarked also that the adoption of the Knight engine by a firm of Panhard's repute was evidence of at least two things—(*a*) that the Panhards are keeping well in the van of progress, and (*b*) that the Knight engine has passed as severe a test as it is likely to pass in securing the approval of the engineering experts of Panhards. After more than a year of trial in private practice the Knight-Panhard is again presented in all confidence to the market. Private practice has, apparently, endorsed Panhard's departure, and the 15 h.-p. follows where the 25 h.-p. led. 80 by 30mm. engine, enclosed with clutch and four-speed gear in a single divided aluminium casing suspended at three points; a Krebs carburettor and a Bosch magneto; the propellor-shaft tube forming a stout torque-rod, augmented by a couple of rods from the axle casing to the propellor casing; both brakes operating on the rear wheels to relieve the transmission of braking strains; a clutch with fibre disc gripped by spring pressure between two steel discs and enclosed in the fly-wheel; worm and nut-steering with the front crossbar behind the axle (these three last being new features in a Panhard); the whole stamped with the Panhard hall-mark of sterling quality make of this new "fifteen" a vehicle that, in its price and power class, can safely challenge comparison and invite examination. It is as great as Panhard's is great. How great that is any man of motoring affairs will tell you. See it for certain, and see it now

Photograph *Bassett Digby*

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN JAPAN

Japan having absorbed Western influences (to such an extent, apparently, that even the faces of the ladies are hardly distinguishable from some American types) had to have its automobile. Motoring in the country is developing at a great rate, and has now its special Japanese Press

The demand for Dunlops down under has called for large factory developments. £30,000 is the price which the Company has paid for additional works and plant in their Montague (Melbourne) Mills. Advance, Australia!

The highly favourable reception properly accorded the Bristol military monoplane at the French Salon is a sign that the judgment of Paris is sometimes well balanced. This judgment, certainly, is not likely to be appealed against, and would not be upset if it were.

Sixty-four per cent. of solid-tyred vehicles at the Glasgow Show relied upon Continentals. This in evidence of the growing demand upon the solid tyre department of the Continental Company by users of heavy commercial, public service, and similar vehicles that can economically and conveniently use this form of tyre.

The greatest motoring exploit on the track of 1911 has received its official endorsement. The Sunbeam record made on its 30 h.-p. six-cylinder at Brooklands last September, that record of 907 miles in twelve hours which certainly electrified the automobile world and stamped our Sunbeam with the seal of enduring greatness, has been passed by the International Association of Automobile Clubs as world's best at any power from four to twelve hours inclusive.

A carburettor which cannot get out of order, and is, by far, the easiest of all to fit, is the CLAUDEL-HOBSON. It suits every car, of whatever power. May we send you particulars to suit your car?—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

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And Waterman's Ideal has not only many illustrious owners, but it has played, and *is* playing, an important part in the world's history. Count Witte, for instance, signed the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Japan with a Waterman's Ideal. War correspondents use it. The Editors of many well-known Journals use it. The kings of Commerce use it. Novelists and busy writers use it—and prefer it to every other pen. So perfect is Waterman's Ideal and so popular has it become that the sales now *exceed* a *million* per annum.

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Ask your stationer to show you all four models. For ladies, travellers, and all who lead an open-air life the Safety Model is recommended, as it can be carried in any position in pocket, bag, or trunk without fear of leakage.

RACING: The Spring Handicaps. By CARBINE

Lincoln and National

This week the event of chief interest will be the publication of the entries for the various spring handicaps. I am told that if you are desirous of backing your fancy for the Lincoln or the Grand National you need not wait for the appearance of the handicaps, as there are bookmakers willing to lay you a reasonable price before the weights are compiled. I suppose bookies do find customers for this extraordinary style of betting, otherwise they would never go to the trouble and expense of issuing their lists of quotations. But it seems to me that you might just as well try with your eyes shut to put your finger on the winner as to hope to get on the right horse before you know what weight he has to carry or whether the owner is content to accept with that weight. It is said that the most popular "double" at the present time for the Lincoln and the Grand National are Hornet's Beauty and Jerry M. I fully expect to see the last-named make a great effort to win the Grand National providing he is weighted at anything under 12st. 10lb., but Hornet's Beauty is surely a highly speculative order at the present time.

Hornet's Beauty

It is true that Sir William Cooke's gelding had no fewer than fifteen winning brackets to his name last season, and was never defeated in England, but two of his races were walk-overs, and on other occasions he was opposed only to one or two antagonists. I do not go so far as to say that Hornet's Beauty gained his reputation very cheaply, because it would be ridiculous to deny the remarkable merit he showed in his three races at Ascot, but I think he had very little in hand in some of his races, and, in my opinion, he was not in such good form at the back-end of the season as he was previously. How long this wonderful horse can maintain his unbeaten record in England will be one of the most interesting questions of the coming season. It is quite certain that he will be at the head of the spring handicaps for which he is engaged, and will be confronted with some exceedingly formidable tasks.

This Week's Meetings

As soon as the weights for the Grand National appear we may expect a good deal of interesting steeplechasing, especially as all penalties for the Liverpool race have been abolished. It must be admitted, however, that the programmes for this week's meetings do not promise any special excitement. At Leicester on Wednesday **Black Plum** should win the Wigston Steeplechase if it is thought worth while bringing him out for such a comparatively small race, and in his absence I should choose **Master-at-Arms**. I expect the Mapperley Steeplechase on the same afternoon to be won by **Flying Loris**, while on the following day **Arctic Belle** should secure the Gopsall Hurdle Race. The chief meeting of the week begins at Kempton Park on Friday, when the Paddock Steeplechase may be won by **Forkhill** and the Middlesex Hurdle Race by **Londerry**. On the second day the Kempton Park Steeplechase may be won by Mr. Nelke with **Shady Girl** or **Smithfield**.

The Menu: Four Tasty Dinners

I.

*Cream of Beetroot Soup
Fillets of Sole with Shrimp Sauce
Casserole of Chicken in Brown Gravy
French Pancakes. Fruit Salad
Little Cheese Custards

II.

Fish Omelette
Mutton Cutlets. Fried Potato Chips
Curried Fowl (remains of Chicken)
Mincepies. Chocolate Soufflé
*Shrimps on Toast

III.

French Pot-au-Feu
Cod-fish with Oyster Sauce
*Fillet of Beef
Tomatoes. Potato Sautés
Gateau of Rhubarb
*Macaroni à la Napolitaine

IV.

Hors d'Œuvres. Anchovy Salad
Croquettes of Fish
Haricot of Veal
Jugged Hare
Preserved Ginger Pudding
Cheese Omelette

Cream of Beetroot Soup

Wash, boil, and peel a beetroot, and boil one small onion, slice them both. Place in a pan with one quart of well-flavoured gravy soup. Simmer till the onion is tender. Season to taste. Strain off the soup, which should be clear and a nice pink colour. Serve very hot, and hand some dice of fried bread.

Fillet of Beef

Cut some fillets of beef in rounds about an inch thick, and fry them quickly in a sauté-pan. Have ready some rounds of bread (fried) the same size as the fillets, place a fillet on each, then a well-cooked mushroom, and a small round of fat, fried crisp. Make a gravy in the pan in which the fillets have been cooked, pour round them, and serve very hot.

Shrimps on Toast

Put two pennyworth of picked shrimps into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of white pepper, the juice of an orange, ½oz. of butter, and a little nutmeg. Make this mixture very hot, and pile upon small squares of buttered toast. Put in a hot oven for a very few minutes, and serve garnished with fried parsley. This is an excellent savoury, and worth a trial.

Macaroni à la Napolitaine

Boil 3oz. of macaroni from twenty to thirty minutes, and after it has been returned to the pan in which it was boiled stir into it 2oz. of finely grated cheese and 1oz. of butter. The cheese should be stirred in half at a time and well shaken among the macaroni. Season with salt and black pepper, and serve at once very hot. EMILIA

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Standard Ball Craze

I must really apologise to my readers for inflicting on them once again a dissertation about that *ignis fatuus*, the standard ball. But the advocates of that fabled article leave me no choice. Whether it is due to the lack of other subjects during these dull winter months or to a double dose of original sin, I know not, but hardly a week passes without some eloquent and impassioned plea for the preservation of the rapidly ruined game by the marvellous standard ball. Reading these effusions one is reminded of the advertisements of a patent medicine which is warranted to cure all the ills that harass mortals, from toothache to lumbago. But the flaw in all these arguments about the ball is that they postulate a fact which is not a fact by any manner of means. They assume that the game is being ruined by the prodigious power of the small and heavy rubber-cored ball. The game, however, is perfectly healthy, and is only diseased in the heated imaginations of these ball standardisers. So far, no ball that anyone would look at has been produced by the standard advocates. The *Field* ball, which was boomed by that paper with such a flourish of trumpets about the time of last year's Amateur Championship, was hardly a success, while the petition which was hawked about at Prestwick at that time advocating the adoption of a standard ball got such few signatures that nothing more has been heard of it since.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CLOUDS
A bit of the Monte Carlo Course, where Mr. Lloyd George and other lucky holiday-makers, who have made their escape from the cloudy skies and rainsoaked courses of England, have been playing golf luxuriously in warmth and sunshine

Mainly a Press Agitation

But in spite of their failure to produce the desired article in material form the standardisers keep beating their tom-toms in the Press, and call heaven and earth to witness that unless something is speedily done the game will go to the "demnition bow-wows." The extraordinary summer, which beat all records of dryness for the past fifty years, gave them renewed courage, while the strange theories held by some course-architects on the subject of greens and guarding hazards filled them with fresh fears. Now, I have a profound conviction that all this agitation about the ball is mainly a Press agitation. I remember when I went to Prestwick last year, when the *Field* crusade was at its height, that I expected to find that the one topic of conversation among those gathered together for the Amateur Championship would be the standard ball and the necessity for its immediate adoption. But I found, on the contrary, that no one cared a brass farthing about the matter, no one seemed perturbed as to the condition of the game, and everyone seemed perfectly content with the latest balls that had been brought out. One or two notoriously big smiters, such as Mr. Harris and Mr. Abe Mitchell, hit some very long carries, while the hard ground enabled most people to get further than usual, but the game did not seem any the easier, and players made just the same errors with the new balls as they did with the old, while the approaching and putting were so difficult that practically only Mr. Hilton seemed able to assert a mastery over the ball in these two departments.

The Latest Move

However, the ball standardisers are not downhearted. They have conceived a fresh plan of action. They propose, so far as I understand, to approach the delegates who govern the two Championships with the prayer that they shall adopt a standard ball, and make it compulsory for competitors in these two events to play with it, and with it alone. In other words, they are going to ask the Championship delegates to act the part of the cat's-paw and to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. They argue that if only the delegates would accede to their prayer the rest of the world would follow suit, and that once a standard ball was made compulsory for the Championships the force of example would lead to clubs all over the world adopting the same compulsory order for all their competitions. I have too much faith in the good sense of the delegates to think that they will fall into such a trap, nor do I believe that the members of the various clubs concerned would pass votes instructing their delegates in such a sense. So far as I can see, such a compulsory order for the Championships would split the game from top to bottom and reduce its constituent parts into a set of warring factions. But, thank heaven, the material difficulties of creating a satisfactory standard ball are so great that the game will, I trust, be preserved from such a disastrous innovation.

ERNEST LEHMANN

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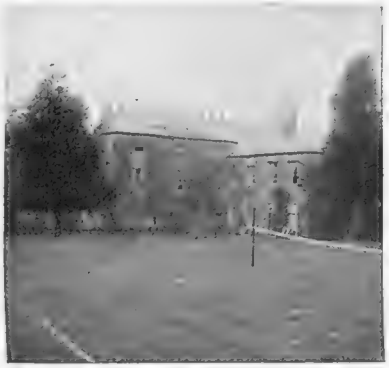

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HERTS (on the MIDDLESEX BORDERS, 300ft. above sea).—A REDUCED PRICE will be accepted for the above exceptionally choice FAMILY RESIDENCE with beautiful grounds. Near station, 30 minutes from Town. Carriage drive with entrance lodge, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, hall, and offices; stabling for 3; farmery, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glasshouses, summer-house, and paddocks; in all 14 ACRES; gas; main drainage; Company's water. OR WOULD BE LET, UNFURNISHED, with 5 acres.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,591)

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, at a reduced price, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, magnificent lounge hall, ample offices; stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadow-land; Company's water; gas; 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

SUNNY SOUTH COAST.—LOVELY RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 250 ACRES, INTERESTING ELIZABETHAN MANSION of medium size, occupying a unique position in the midst of beautiful pleasure grounds and park; stabling, entrance lodge, home farm; salmon and trout fishing, hunting with Harriers and Otter hounds; good yacht anchorage; magnificent land and sea views. SACRIFICIAL PRICE.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,436)

OVERLOOKING A BEAUTIFUL SURREY COMMON (2 miles from Woking).—The above old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 14½ ACRES for SALE, at a moderate price. High situation, 300 yards from road, with lodge entrance. Billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms; good stabling, coachman's house; attractive grounds, shrubberies, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and 3 paddocks; sandy soil; near village.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,209)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS

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ONLY 45 MINUTES' MOTOR RUN OF WEST END.

SURREY (in an ideal position, nearly 400ft. above sea level).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above

CHARMING HISTORICAL MANSION,

standing 'midst LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PARKLIKE LANDS OF 180 ACRES: suite of reception rooms, 20 bedrooms, bathroom; ample stabling; 2 lodges; cottages; home farm.—Fullest details may be obtained from the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

UNSOLD AT RECENT AUCTION.
NOW OFFERED AT £1,550.

AT A TIMES PRICE.

"CRANLEIGH HOUSE," BYFLEET, SURREY.—The FREEHOLD RESIDENCE contains: 8 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms, good offices; 2 ACRES of exceedingly attractive grounds, including tennis lawn, rose pergola, kitchen garden, paddock, etc.; FIRST-CLASS GOLFING DISTRICT; gas and main drainage; gravel soil.—Particulars may be had of the Solicitors, Messrs. PARSON, LEE and CO., 24, Lime Street, E.C., or of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT ONLY £120 P.A.

COLCHESTER DISTRICT (within 1¼ miles from station, 6 miles from Colchester, and only about 1¼ hours by train from London).—The HOUSE contains: 2 large reception rooms, a smaller one and hall, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; man's bedroom, with separate entrance; capital garden; good stabling for 4; capital outbuildings, including large paddock. The Property comprises an area of about

12 ACRES.

—Further particulars can be obtained from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 12,946)

1,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING (can be rented).

NEW FOREST BORDERS.—COMMANDING LOVELY SEA VIEWS.—To be SOLD, the above charming OLD-FASHIONED HAMPSHIRE COTTAGE RESIDENCE, within 1½ miles of a station, only about 2 hours from London: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; 5 loose boxes, motor garage, 2 good cottages for men. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. Pretty gardens of about 2 ACRES, croquet and tennis lawn, rose pergola, kitchen garden, greenhouse.—Full details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BERKS (Abingdon).—A charming old HOUSE, with gables and oak beams, standing well above the river; entrance hall, 4 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3 horses.

PRETTY GARDEN OF 1 ACRE.

Rent, £70 per annum; 21 years' Lease; premium, £300.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.); as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

CLOSE TO WELL-KNOWN LINKS.

SUSSEX.—This beautifully appointed RESIDENCE to LET for any period up to one year: 11 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception, billiard; stabling; tennis lawn; radiators, gas, etc. Fine high situation; extensive views.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F7,416)

A DOWER HOUSE TO A WELL-KNOWN NOBLEMAN'S PARK.

UNDER 2 HOURS LONDON. G.W.R. main line service.—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer months, or on a yearly tenancy, the above attractive RESIDENCE, overlooking LAKE of 130 acres, and some of the most FAMOUS grounds in England: 13 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 10: 4 acres beautiful gardens. Hunting Heythrop, BICESTER, and Warwick. Shooting by arrangement.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,980)

13 MILES FROM HYDE PARK CORNER.—To be LET, Furnished, for 1 to 4 years, an attractive RESIDENCE, which occupies a delightful position, in a heavily timbered park, of 250 acres, containing some magnificent trees. The approach is along a beautiful old avenue, and the accommodation includes: entrance and lounge halls, 6 reception rooms, 27 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 10; 3 cottages and bothy; Company's gas and water; telephone; the lovely old grounds contain a variety of choice trees; there are tennis lawns, rose and flower gardens; golf 1½ miles distant.—Apply, Box KF 1,664, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE SOLD AT A VERY LOW PRICE.—One of the best-known Hunting-boxes in the Pytchley Hunt, including the famous Hemploe fox coverts. The RESIDENCE is finely situated 600ft. above sea level, with extensive views, and stands in grounds, woodland, and meadows, in all about 88 acres. An adjoining farm of 266 acres can be included if desired. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; STABLING FOR 10 HORSES; delightful old-world gardens, kitchen garden, pasture-land, the well-known HEMPLOE FOX COVERTS, in all about 88 acres.—Box K 2,513, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

OCCUPYING A MAGNIFICENT POSITION,
800FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in about 10 acres of grounds. It stands well away from the road, and the accommodation, arranged on two floors, comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.; Company's gas and water laid on; main drainage; stabling for 3, coach-house and men's rooms; delightful gardens and pleasure grounds.—Apply, Box K 5,205, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE, owing to owner's return to Australia, a pleasant, modern, well-appointed HOUSE, with river frontage; under 1 hour from Waterloo and within a few minutes' walk from a station: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, winter garden or billiard room, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, 2 staircases; tennis and croquet lawns, and grounds with greenhouse, vinery, fruit-house, etc., in all about 3½ acres, including a detached garden site of 1 acre. The contents could be purchased by valuation.—Apply, Box K 5,037, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SOUTH HANTS.

With excellent yachting facilities, and within easy reach of the New Forest.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 240 ACRES, beautifully timbered, situated 250ft. above sea level. The planned Mansion, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, contains: billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; gymnasium or riding school (60ft. by 30ft.), with gallery; stabling for 8 horses, 2 lodges, home farm, 6 cottages; the grounds are ornamented with fine specimen trees, and include plantation walks, fishpond, fernery and rock garden, ornamental water, etc.; extensive kitchen gardens; South Hants water supply; excellent sanitation.—Box K 5,152, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A DELIGHTFUL
RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES
WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

HAMPSHIRE (within easy reach of a main line station, from whence London is reached in about 2 hours).

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

A fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,242, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

½ AN HOUR FROM TOWN.
NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

BUCKS (3 miles from a main line station).—To be SOLD, a delightful old HOUSE, in faultless order throughout, and standing in finely timbered grounds of about 5 acres. The accommodation comprises: pretty old-fashioned lounge hall, 3 reception rooms and second lounge or billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas throughout; excellent stabling and garage, coachman's quarters, etc.; the pleasure grounds are ornamented by beautiful specimen trees and shrubs, and include 2 excellent tennis courts, croquet lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc.—Apply, Box K 5,199, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

BUCKS (1 mile from Great Missenden Station, G.C. and Met. Rail).—A quaint little COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in about ½ acre ground; been built twelve months and now ready for occupation; only wants seeing. Freehold, £1,150.—Apply, G. BIGGS and SONS, Great Kingshill, High Wycombe, Bucks.

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WELL-SHADED OLD GROUNDS,

with undulating lawns, flower beds, 2 ornamental ponds, tennis and croquet lawns, etc., and contains the following accommodation: inner hall (17ft. 8in. by 14ft. 10in.), dining room (20ft. 4in. by 20ft.), drawing room (20ft. 2in. by 17ft. 4in.), morning room (15ft. by 14ft. 9in.), billiard room (36ft. 9in. by 19ft. 6in.), 6 large principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, workroom or bedroom, day and night nurseries, 2 servants' bedrooms, and boxroom. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house and garage, etc.; 3 cottages.—Box K 5,288, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., W.

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THE FINEST ALPINE GARDENS IN ENGLAND

are included in the 4 acres of grounds, besides hosts of other beautiful features. *A special article on the grounds, written by Miss Jekyll, is published in the particulars.*

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A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING PART OF SOMERSET.
A BEAUTIFUL FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 150 ACRES, IN A RING FENCE.

TO BE SOLD.

Showing over 4 per cent. return on price.

Long carriage drive.

RICHLY TIMBERED PARK

and grounds. House faces due South and is protected from the North.

Spacious hall, 3 fine reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices.

Stabling for 6; walled kitchen garden; lake with island; model farm, farmhouse, 2 cottages.

House and 16 acres in hand,
Residue Let at £274 per annum.

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HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.
The beautiful Liphook neighbourhood.

Price **£1,525,** Freehold.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE in old-world gardens of 4½ ACRES: 3 reception rooms, studio or billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 2; *sand soil.*—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED.

BUCKS (in a perfectly rural position, just over ½ hour from London, amidst beautiful country).

STANDING HIGH ON GRAVEL SOIL.

A charming old-fashioned HOUSE, splendidly fitted with all modern improvements; electric light, radiators, etc.: 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room; 2 cottages, stabling, garage;

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.

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GENUINE OLD SIXTEENTH-CENTURY COTTAGE.

PRICE,	RENT,
£1,750	£85 p.a.
FREEHOLD.	UNFURNISHED.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¼ mile from a station, and 6 miles from Bishop's Stortford). 300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

The House is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 2 reception rooms, with oak beams, walls, and ceilings, excellent office, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, modern drainage, good water supply; CHARMING OLD-WORLD GARDENS of about an acre; HUNTING with the Puckeridge and Essex Hounds.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

FIRST-RATE HUNTING WITH BLACKMORE VALE AND LORD PORTMAN'S.

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BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS AND GROUNDS

of about 9 acres: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, good offices; stabling for 4.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and Yeovil. Personally inspected and recommended.

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SUFFOLK (in a perfectly rural position).—For SALE,

A GENUINE OLD FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOATED RESIDENCE

of great historic interest, recently restored, and now in first-rate order. Herringbone brickwork, diamond pane glazing, oak timbering.

BEAUTIFUL OLD LINENFOLD AND OTHER PANELLING.
MASSIVE OLD CARVED OAK BEAMS.

Lounge hall, 3 or 4 reception rooms, ample domestic offices, 10 or 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; hot-water heating; modern drainage; good water supply; good stabling; garage.

Well-timbered gardens and grounds; excellent farmlands, with house, buildings, and 5 cottages. Total area about 297 ACRES.

SOLE AGENTS—WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W. Inspected and strongly recommended.

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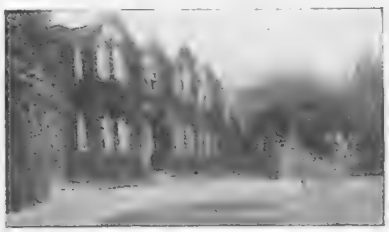
Under an hour from London.



Price **£2,600,** Freehold.

PICTURESQUE MODERN HOUSE and 3 ACRES of beautifully timbered grounds: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good offices; stabling for 2; garage.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

WELL-SITUATED OLD FARMHOUSE, CAPABLE OF BEING RESTORED AT A MODERATE EXPENDITURE.

£1,000, FREEHOLD (about 300ft. above sea level, and under 2 miles from Edenbridge in the midst of lovely country).—The House stands well back from a pretty country lane, and when restored would contain about 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, great hall open to roof, offices, etc.; plenty of farm-buildings. Grand old oak beams and a King post form the chief attractions inside. About 1½ acres (more or less) of land, with fine box hedges, etc.—Inspected by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

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FINE POSITION ON THE MENDIPS.—RENT, UNFURNISHED, £150 PER ANNUM. Small premium. Land let off at £80 per annum. OR FOR SALE. A charming and picturesque HOUSE, with beautiful gardens and parklands of about 35 acres:

Entrance hall, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, complete domestic offices;

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The approach is by a long carriage drive with lodge; stabling, motor garage; 2 cottages.—Personally inspected and recommended by Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and Yeovil.

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HENLEY (near).—SIXTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE, in perfect order throughout; lovely situation on the Chiltern Hills: 18 bed and dressing rooms, handsome suite of reception rooms, billiard, and 2 bathrooms; acetylene gas, telephone, hot-water radiators, perfect sanitation.

LOVELY GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS, 45 ACRES.

Capital stabling, motor garage; lodge, 4 cottages; shooting by arrangement. Photos.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

NO FINER VIEWS IN SUSSEX.

ON THE SURREY BORDER (400ft. above sea level).—Quaint hall, 4 handsome reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; Sussex stone roof, open fireplaces, winding carriage drive, BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS, heavily timbered; wide-spreading lawns, flower beds, ornamental water, orchards, wood, and PARKLANDS OF 50 ACRES. Excellent stabling; motor garage. Tempting price.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

FOR SALE BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.—Lounge hall, 3 excellent reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; long carriage drive; main water; acetylene gas.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

woodlands, and paddock, in all about 9 acres; good stabling, man's room, garage; gravel soil; golf near. Sacrificial price. Photo.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.

AN IDEAL HOME IN KENT.

NEAR SEVENOAKS.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, bath, 7 bedrooms; lodge-entrance; stabling; farmery.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS

and meadows of 12½ acres; gas, main water, modern drainage. Bargain, £3,200.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

ESSEX (5 miles inland from Walton and Frinton).—An IDEAL RESIDENCE, in perfect order: 3 good reception, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, motor garage; beautifully kept pleasure grounds, orchard, kitchen garden, and land adjoining, in all about 12 ACRES. Bargain, 2,000 guineas (about half cost).—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

CORNISH RIVIERA.—Charming old STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE: 4 reception, ball-room, bath, 11 bedrooms.

LOVELY OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

parklands, and woods; capital farmery, in all nearly 25 ACRES; stabling, garage; main water, light soil, magnificent scenery. PRICE, FREEHOLD, £1,700, including valuable timber.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

IN THE WHADDON CHASE COUNTRY.

THE BARGAIN OF THE YEAR.

BUCKS (in a beautiful rural situation, 1 hour from Town).—The interesting OLD-FASHIONED AND IMPOSING RESIDENCE stands in the centre of its own

HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK OF 70 ACRES,

bounded by a river affording excellent fishing, and contains: lounge halls, 4 handsome reception, bath, 13 bedrooms.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS ARE OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY.

There is capital stabling, 2 cottages, farmery.

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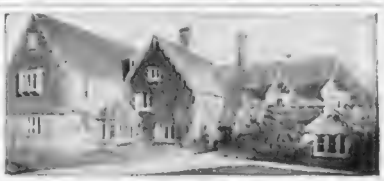
BARGAIN, £8,000 (reduced from £13,000).—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.



BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EAST BOURNE.—Lounge hall, 3 large reception billiard, bath, 13 bedrooms; stabling, motor garage; picturesque old grounds, ornamental water, and paddock of 6 ACRES; perfect order; high and glorious situation. £3,500.—Further photos of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or £1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

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Mustard Bath

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

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Lisburn, Ireland.

Manufacturers of Linen Damask Table Cloths and Napkins, Damask Towels, Handkerchiefs, and all classes of Household Linens. All goods guaranteed pure linen. Irish Manufacture. Prices and samples post free.

If your health is not as it should be, and you would like to try

WINCARNIS

send for a free trial bottle to Coleman and Co., Ltd., W78, 'Wincarnis' Works, Norwich, enclosing three penny stamps for postage.

Ackerman-Laurance
"Dry-Royal"

The best value in Sparkling Wine. 54/- *per dozen.*

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

FATE
KNOW YOUR FUTURE
7,000
Testimonials Received
THE STARS TELL

I will send a **TEST HOROSCOPE,** comprising seven pages and cover, on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month, and year of birth—time if known. Money returned if Horoscope is untrue.
Mr. NEWTON VERITY, (B.E.) 58, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Read "The Daily Graphic"
Price One Penny.
Brightest and Best of Morning Papers.

BURBERRY WEATHERPROOFS
1911 STOCK AND MODEL GARMENTS
HALF PRICE DURING JANUARY.
Sporting Suits (coat and knicker breeches), various styles, in Tweeds, 52/6 (usual price 105/-); **Lounge Suits,** in Tweeds, 52/6 (usual price 105/-); **Urbitor Top Coats,** in Grey, Green, Brown and Drab Coatings and Tweeds, 42/- (usual price 84/-); **"Rusitors," Motor Coats and Ulsters,** 73/6 and 84/- (usual prices 7 and 8 guineas); **Gabardine "Burberrys,"** lined wool, 45/-
COMPLETE LIST ON APPLICATION.
BURBERRYS, 30, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

Hinde's
Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.
Hair Wavers.

EXPIRATION OF LEASE
SALE
BOND STREET CREATIONS BROUGHT WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL PURSES.
THE LONDON CORSET CO., of 28, NEW BOND ST., W.
Owing to expiration of lease and largely increased business, will be shortly removing to more commodious premises. They are now offering their latest and newest stock at prices which must sell it, and which will enable them to save the cost and trouble of removing same
FOR 14 DAYS ONLY

Healthy and Beautiful Skin
is more desirable than good features, and is much easier to obtain. The irresistible attraction of a beautiful complexion is assured to every lady who uses daily

Shem-el-Nessim Reg
Toilet Cream
Perfumed with the Scent of Araby.
It keeps the skin free from blemish and renders it white and supple in spite of wind or sun.
Free from grease, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin and **does not promote the growth of down or superfluous hair.**

Sample Pot
with name of nearest agent, sent post free for 1 9.
J. GROSSMITH & SON
Dept. C11, Newgate St., LONDON.

NATIONAL FIGHT AGAINST HAIR-POVERTY.

STOP YOUR HAIR TURNING GREY OR FALLING OUT!

Post Office co-operates in distributing wonderful free gifts for growing healthy and beautiful Hair to every reader who applies.

The great campaign against Baldness, Greyness, and Hair-Poverty is gathering force every day.

The Post Office is co-operating in the work of distributing the free gifts for growing healthy hair to all who apply. The postman will bring you one of these Free Outfits if you write for it to-day.

Thousands of letters are pouring in at the headquarters of "Harlene Hair-Drill" from ladies and gentlemen anxious to take part in this distribution.

These letters show how serious a thing Hair-Poverty is. Readers will be glad they can avoid it by means of the Coupon printed below.

SERIOUS RESULTS OF HAIR-POVERTY.

"I cannot get employment anywhere," writes one gentleman, a book-keeper and ledger clerk by profession, "because of my grey hair. They say I look too old—45 at least—although I assure them that I am still under 40, which is the case. Can you do anything to help me?"

Ladies, too, are most anxious to secure this free health-help for their hair.

"It used to be beautiful," writes one, "but now it is so thin and skimpy-looking that I could cry when I see myself in the looking-glass. It makes me look years older than I really am, and it is still coming out. I should be most grateful for anything that will stop this continual thinning and start my hair growing thickly again."

To all these applicants Mr. Edwards, the world-famous Toilet Specialist, issues one reply.

"Try the Royal Way," he says. "I will send it you free."

And forthwith a complete outfit (containing everything required for banishing Greyness and Baldness and growing healthy and abundant hair) is sent as a Free Gift to the writer.

Within 48 hours the Postman will bring you this wonderful Health, Strength, and Beauty-Giving Gift for your Hair. It will banish Baldness, Greyness, and all forms of Hair and Scalp Trouble from your head and grow luxuriant Hair, by means of two minutes a day Harlene Hair-Drill. To secure this Triple Outfit use the Coupon printed below—and use it at once. This Toilet "Free Gift" will then be in your hands the day after to-morrow.

NUMBER OF FREE OUTFITS LEFT RAPIDLY DIMINISHING.

You can try this Royal Way yourself.

It is absolutely Free. The Postman will bring it you if you write for it at once.

It is called the Royal Way because it is practised for two minutes daily by Royalty.

And wherever it is practised its effects are soon shown in the rapidly improving hair of those who follow this marvellous method.

The number of Free Outfits available is rapidly diminishing.

Every post takes many of these Hair-Growing Outfits to all parts of the world.

To save disappointment use the coupon given below. And use it now. Thus you will make sure of receiving one of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Toilet Outfits Mr. Edwards is so generously distributing amongst readers.

SAVE YOUR HAIR BEFORE TOO LATE.

If you neglect your garden you soon have no flowers left. If you don't have your piano tuned it soon loses its tone and music. If a horse is left ungroomed its coat quickly loses its gloss and beauty. Everything requires daily attention and cultivation. Why not your hair?

Your hair does. It is delicate by nature. It is exposed to the attacks of bacteria and micro-organisms, which cause it to fall out or turn grey. Scurf makes it greasy and sets up irritation of the scalp. Other hair enemies cause it to become brittle, to split at the ends, and to fall out.

All these conditions are curable.

As long as there is a spark of vitality left in your hair or in the hair-roots the outfit we will send you will bring back to your hair all its lost beauty and luxuriance. So doing it makes you look years younger and greatly enhances your appearance.

THIS TRIPLE GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR FREE.

Stop your hair falling out or turning grey!

Cut out the Coupon printed below. Fill in your name and address. Enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay the postage. And send to Edwards' Harlene Co.

By return the following superb Outfit will be yours.

It contains the following—

(1) A trial bottle of Edwards' Harlene for the Hair. This delightful preparation feeds the hair and stimulates the hair-roots. It makes the hair soft and glossy, and invests it with a beautiful lustre and luxuriance.

(2) A trial package of Edwards' Cremex for the Scalp. This makes a most delightful Home Shampoo. It keeps the scalp clean and comfortable. It dissolves Scurf and banishes Irritation of the Scalp. It is especially effective when used with Harlene.

(3) A Copy of Mr. Edwards' "Hair Drill" Manual, containing the secret rules which made his fame, the toilet rules which, practised for two minutes every day, make and keep your hair healthy and luxuriant, free from the slightest sign of Baldness, Greyness, or Hair-Poverty.

Practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily (as now you can free of charge) and all these ailments and scalp disorders will quickly vanish.

It only takes two minutes a day to practise "Hair-Drill." Its cost is very small.

At any chemists or stores you can obtain Harlene in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles; and Cremex in boxes of 7 shampoos for 1*s.* or single shampoos for 2*d.*, or sent direct, carriage paid, on receipt of postal order, Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Send the following Coupon to-day, enclosing 3*d.* in stamps to pay carriage, and the whole triple Toilet Outfit will be sent by return mail.

This Coupon entitles you to a Triple Toilet Outfit for Banishing Baldness and Greyness, and Growing Healthy, Luxuriant Hair—Free.

To THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send to the address below the Free Outfit for growing healthy hair by the royal method of "Harlene Hair-Drill." I enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay the carriage of the above. (This 3*d.* will take the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit to any address in the world.)

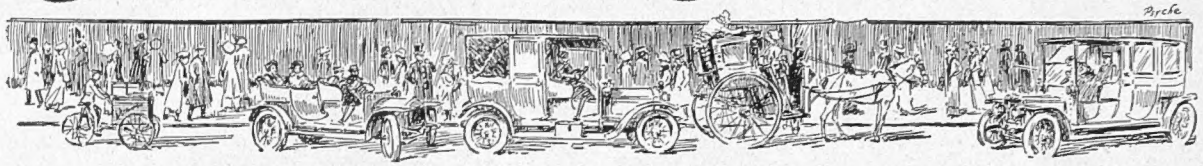
Name .....

Address .....

.....

THE BYSTANDER, January 24, 1912.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

THERE are rumours of a gay February in Town. I may be a pessimist and an unbeliever, but, somehow, I find it difficult to vision that gay month. However, if it comes, all the better, provided, of course, we have coals to use, trains to ride in, and are not otherwise generally dislocated. Clothes, too, may be a trifle perplexing. Of course, new clothes are a *sine quâ non*, and the question will be what shall we buy? If we chanced to be at the Riviera, it would all be easy enough. But as we happen to be geographically placed where we are, and as February is notoriously cold, well, I think we shall probably face an *impasse*. Of course, those who have them can always fly to their furs, beneath which may be worn, with all safety, the flimsiest of frocks. Apropos of which there will, in all likelihood, be worn a few more *ninon* and *crêpe de Chine* day dresses, trimmed with fur, the economical most probably looking to the moment when the latter can be deleted and the gown stand forth as a fresh creation.

And talking about filmy dresses recalls

The Great White Sale at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

The connection is in respect of some *ninette* robes. These, as the distinction implies, are to be found in the department that, by virtue of leaving a seam open at the back, escapes the contumely of the costume department. There are robes and robes, and unquestionably the best are those fashioned of such slim materials as *ninette*. I do not exactly know what *ninette* is, but I do know it is one of the most fascinating transparencies of fine *voile* character I have ever met. To enhance its attractions, handsome embroideries are lavished on it, some wondrously applied by machinery and others by hand, which accounts for the long range of prices, these running from 40*s*. to 7 gns.

A DAINTY SUMMER DRESSING-GOWN

Arranged in a spot and striped muslin, the great revers inset and edged Valenciennes lace, and set with a suggestion of fulness into a deep collar. The sleeves are cut "en Magyar," while the back is given a slightly high-waist appearance, a sash of the muslin coming from the centre and tying in front in a handsome bow and ends. The cost of this covetable thing is just 11*s*. 10*d*.

(Sketched at D. H. Evans, Oxford St., W., by Dorothy Millar)

It is in no disparagement to the robes, costumes, blouses, etc., that I am bound to point out how the initial attraction at this white sale belongs to white underwear. All these goods are perfectly fresh, clean, and reflect the very latest fancies in styles and cut. And Messrs. D. H. Evans cut the prices down to the very lowest margin of profit, their covering being afforded in the quantities sold and the vastness of the purchases, orders being placed a full year in advance and executed according to the workers' time and ability.

What struck me as especially noticeable in the particular show in

question is the marked improvement in point of delicacy and finish of the Irish hand-made *lingerie*. It would frequently puzzle an expert eye to differentiate the best Irish work from the French, although the latter still hold the monopoly of production of that useful hand embroidery on the cloth itself, garments chiefly turned out by peasants in the Vosges, and at startlingly low rates.

There is a notably varied and unique selection of petticoats, both Princesse and the ordinary waist kind, the former commencing at 6*s.* 5*d.*, a price that is attached, among others, to a fine mercerised lawn model, inset with insertion and finished with a deep flounce that would meet the most fastidious taste. It is quite impossible in the short space at command to enter into even the slightest detailed description, nor, of a fact, is there any need to do so. Where all is consistently good it is invidious to particularise. And with every confidence it may be pointed out the white underwear offered by Messrs. D. H. Evans at their annual sale is unrivalled, each season breaking the record of the past.

Gladly would I write a tome on the blouses. For their show is truly marvellous, predicts for May and June, and one and all at bargain prices. They range principally at three prices, respectively 10*s.* 6*d.*, 12*s.* 9*d.*, and 15*s.* 11*d.*, the latter sum including a French cotton *crepoline*, a quality of model that hitherto only figured at double that sum. I should add that the sale started on the 22nd, and will continue for fourteen days. Furthermore, that Messrs. D. H. Evans have issued a lavishly illustrated catalogue for the convenience of their country customers.

A SERVICEABLE SHIRT
Fashioned of heavy crêpe de Chine or silk
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A Colour Contemplation

One is pleased at the moment to clutch the proverbial feather that is said to denote the way of the wind. And I have clutched at several to secure an indication of what will be earliest worn in colours. A very, very advanced tailor-made, the original of which, I believe, went to court notoriety against the blue of the Mediterranean, was built of that extremely fine cashmere cloth which is just the antithesis of the winter Ratine in a delicate lichen-grey shade, the softly suggestive green note giving the theme for a vest of jade-green and white cloth and jade buttons. The *ensemble* was mightily pleasing. I packed it away for future contemplation, the which I am now enjoying.

Again, such a sweet little afternoon frock was worn of pale mauve, the mauve of the young crocus, the skirt of *charmeuse* two or three shades lighter than the prettily arranged corsage of chiffon velvet, thrown back with large revers of ivory guipure lace, which in their turn were almost concealed beneath a slight shaped *fichu* of black chiffon, stitched round the outer edge with a tiny silk bob fringe. Again I made a mental note. Also in the case of a *rouge chandron* cloth and a beech-nut brown fine suiting serge, on which touches of mauve were introduced, culminating in a great market-bunch of violets, tucked into the front of the coat, and a toque entirely composed of small market-bunches of violets.

A sensational evening toilette was composed of soft *chair*-coloured satin — it reads better in French — and *ninon*, the *fourreau* finishing in a sharp-pointed train, on the edge of which rested a great gold rose. The tunic of *ninon*, quite short in front and long at the back, and tapering to the train, was fringed with gold and moulded to the figure, the fringe offering the only relief to the corsage. As the latter was very *décolleté* and there were no sleeves, it was a little difficult exactly to descry in the distance where the wearer ended and the dress began. Nevertheless, it is in my bones, as the saying goes, that *chair* in varying tones is a *nuance* that will command contemplation in the near future.

"How to Create or Renew Facial Beauty"

The above is the title of a booklet that will be sent free of charge to any reader of The Bystander who applies to the C. H. Willi Institute, 475, Oxford Street. Although new to England, the methods of the Willi Institute are already well known on the Continent and highly appreciated, as the steadily increasing *clientèle* testify beyond any shadow of doubt.

The remarkable results that accrue from the treatment are accomplished without the aid of massage, lotions, creams, and the like hitherto accepted applications, but after a short trial of the Willi course the skin becomes soft and fresh, puffs and rings round the eyes eradicated, and a general appearance of youthfulness imparted to the face and figure.

Full particulars as to the means by which these coveted improvements are achieved will be found in the booklet, so that far and away the most satisfactory initial procedure will be to send for and peruse this most interesting little treatise, and after thoroughly mastering its contents, place oneself in the hands of the experts at the C. H. Willi Institute, Dept. K, 475, Oxford Street.

For those who like COCOA

Messrs. Savory and Moore manufacture a preparation of Cocoa and Milk which they highly recommend on account of its delicious flavour, nourishing properties, and perfect digestibility. It requires only the addition of hot water. The opinions of some of those who are using the Cocoa and Milk are given below, as they well explain its advantages.

(1) "I cannot speak too highly in praise of it, having tried every kind of cocoa advertised, not one of which I can really say agreed with me. This of yours is most delicious and comforting, and I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends."

(2) "The Cocoa is excellent. For the many who, like myself, cannot take tea or coffee, and for whom ordinary cocoa is too rich, your preparation must prove a great boon."

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3*d*. Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.

EAU DE JEUNESSE
JANE HADING

The famous Face Lotion to which **Jane Hading** owes her Youth and Beauty.

The Bottle, 8/6 post free
from the General Depot:
38, Rue du Mont-Thabor, PARIS.

On Sale also in London at ROBERT'S, 225, REGENT ST., W.

FOOT'S

ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS

The "BURLINGTON" (Patented).

By simply pressing a button the back declines or automatically rises to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is instantly and securely locked.

The arms open outwards, affording easy access and exit.

The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and can also be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

The Upholstery is exceptionally soft and deep, with spring elastic edges.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE C22 OF ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS.

171·NEW·BOND·STREET LONDON·W

If baby is fretful after his bath try Wright's Coal Tar Soap and note the peaceful content which will follow.

4d. per Tablet.

THE *Nursery Soap.*

The Editor's Box

Broadway Theatre

A pantomime that should on no account be missed is *Dick Whittington* at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross. It goes with a swing from start to finish, and it may be safely said that there is not a single dull moment in an evening spent at this theatre. The extremely powerful caste all work well together for the good of the whole, and their efforts are crowned with success. Messrs. Alexandre and Hughes are mirth-provokers of the first degree, and as the Captain and his mate they are in their element. Then there are Messrs. Edward Lauri, E. H. Douglass, and Julian Mack. Miss May Beatty and Miss Kitty Colyer as the Principal Boy and Girl respectively, leave nothing to be desired, the dancing of the latter being particularly graceful. The enthusiasm behind the footlights is reflected "in front," where Mr. H. F. Nokes, who has succeeded Mr. Bertram Iles as manager of the theatre, does all in his power for the comfort of his patrons.

The Home of the Sardine

Most of us are familiar with the silvery little fishes known as "Skipper Sardines," and it is interesting to follow the various processes through which they are put before they reach our homes. Amidst the magnificent scenery of the Norwegian coast, in the ice-cold waters of the picturesque fiords, are the feeding-beds of the sardine. During the sunny summer days, from July to September, huge shoals of them crowd in from the open sea to these familiar haunts, which seem to breathe an air of peace and security. Alas! however, the fate awaiting them proves to be quite the reverse. From far-away Stavanger come fishermen, armed with modern methods, and racing over the water in motor-boats. With wonderful quickness and precision, immense numbers of the fish are surrounded by strong nets, and their doom is sealed. At Stavanger hundreds of bright and fresh-looking Norwegian maidens thread the fish on long wires, which are then hurried away to the curing-rooms. Here small fires of oak-bark are kept burning continuously, and after about ten minutes smoking the bright glitter of the silver fish is changed to deep bronze. When the curing is completed, heads, tails, and fins are removed, and the little fish are packed carefully into tins. The remaining operations, such as boiling, cooling, wrapping, and labelling, are left until the fishing season is over.

A Word of Warning

The final report of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, just issued, states that one half of the consumption among young children may be attributed to infected cow's milk. In their series of the "Allenburys" Foods, the manufacturers have prepared a dietary for infants from birth upwards, which is recommended by medical men in all parts of the world, avoids the danger of cow's milk, is easily digested, and ensures sound, healthy development. The "Allenburys" Foods form a unique progressive dietary; they are the nearest approach to the maternal milk, and are absolutely free from all harmful germs. The Milk Foods No. 1 and No. 2 need the addition of boiled water only to prepare them for use. Milk Food No. 1, from birth to three months; Milk Food No. 2, from three to six months; Malted Food No. 3, from six months upwards. A pamphlet giving invaluable information on the subjects mentioned, entitled "Infant Feeding and Management," is easily obtainable, free on request, by writing to Allen and Hanburys, Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C., while the products referred to can be had at any chemists in the vicinity.

Photograph *Schmidt*

Mr. C. Hubert Scott

The well-known English International Lacrosse goalkeeper, who married Miss Nellie Hemingway on January 10. He is the third son of the late Mr. Robert Scott, of Ribblesdale, Dorking, and of Mrs. Scott, Fishbourne Manor, Sussex

A Blaze that was quelled in a few minutes by the "New Era" Fire Extinguisher, which is made by the Valor Company

Portable Electric Lighting

An interesting example of a modern direct coupled petrol-driven electric generating set (says the *Statesman*, of Calcutta) may be seen any evening on the Maidan, where it is employed supplying current for about 300 lights, to enable work to be carried out at night in connection with the Royal Pandal which is now being erected. This installation was supplied and erected at a day's notice by Messrs. Pyne, Hughman and Co., who are sole agents in India and Burma for the Astor Engineering Company, who make a speciality of these compact electric generating sets for lighting, pumping, or power purposes.

Winter Sports in Norway

In no other country are the conditions so favourable for winter sports and pastimes, the ideal ski-ing season being from February to the end of April, and at the altitude resorts the end of May. The sea-passage from Newcastle is but a day, and from Bergen, resorts like Christiania, Finse, Fefor, Trondhjem, and Tonsaasen are easily reached. At all these places, and at many other resorts, are excellent hotels, the charges being extremely moderate, and many festivities are arranged for the entertainment of visitors. An illustrated booklet, gratis from the Superintendent of the Line, G.N.R., King's Cross Station, will give full particulars.

Gold Medal Award

At the International Hygiene Exhibition, Dresden, 1911, Plasmon Foods were awarded the gold medal.

Fire!

Fire is an enemy against whom we should be continually on our guard, and the householder should always make it his business to see that adequate precautions are taken. There are many precautionary appliances on the market, and the security one may feel if one's home and business premises are adequately protected against fire would be worth many times the cost, say, of the "New Era" Fire Extinguisher. Never buy an extinguisher because it is cheap. One danger cannot be lessened by adding another. The "New Era" Chemical Fire Extinguisher, in copper and steel, is of British manufacture throughout. It can be operated instantaneously and with perfect success by anyone, without previous experience, on fires unapproachable on account of their size and intense heat within a distance of 30ft. to 40ft. The prices are from £2 5s. in steel and £3 in copper, but full particulars may be obtained from the sole makers, The Valor Company, Ltd., Fire Engineers, Aston Cross, Birmingham.